

F. 127

Shadow

SEPTEMBER • 1941

COMICS

10¢



"Crime DOES NOT PAY"

THE SHADOW MEETS THE DAGGER
IN HIS MOST THRILLING ADVENTURE.
DEAD END KIDS SAVE JUDGE COLLINS
FROM TRIGGER DAWES MOB.

THE HOODED WASP • DANNY GARRETT



the editor's page

THE SHADOW meets the Dagger in an adventure which really touches a top mark in all of the wonderful things that have happened to The Shadow.

THE DEAD END KIDS save Judge Collins from Trigger Dawes' mob—and we would like very much to hear from all of our readers as to whether or not they want us to continue the DEAD END KIDS in SHADOW COMICS. Some boys suggest that the DEAD END KIDS should have a comic book of their own—well, we'd like to hear from you about it. And, just to make it interesting we are going to give away five swell nine-tube Philco radios for the five best answers which we receive.

THE HOODED WASP carries on in his adventures to right the wrongs of the world.—

And DANNY GARRETT demonstrates his unusual ability as a boy detective.

Finally, SPIKE STEVENS adds another interesting chapter to this book, and then comes "NO RETURN TRIP"—a highly exciting, two-page short story.

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The SHADOW

meets "The Dagger"!!



**CRIME DOES
NOT PAY!!!!**



SHARK ISLAND, FOREIGN PRISON COLONY IN THE CARIBBEAN SEA --- CUT OFF FROM THE NATION WHICH CONTROLS IT, THE COLONY IS RULED BY THE COMMANDANT WHOSE WORD IS THE ONLY LAW! --NOW, WINGING FROM THE SKIES COMES A MYSTERY PLANE, THE FIRST TO ARRIVE IN MONTHS!!!

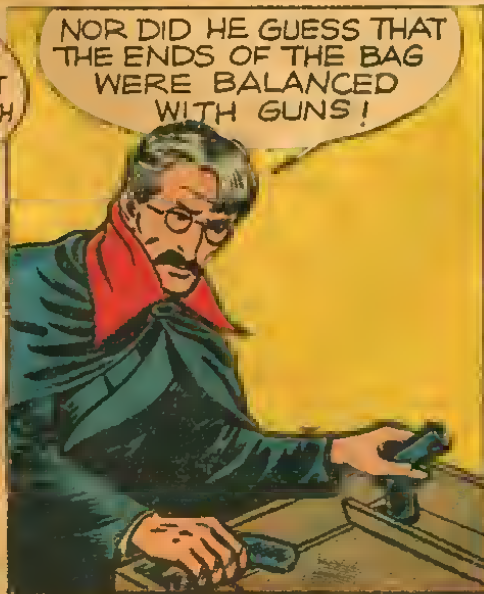
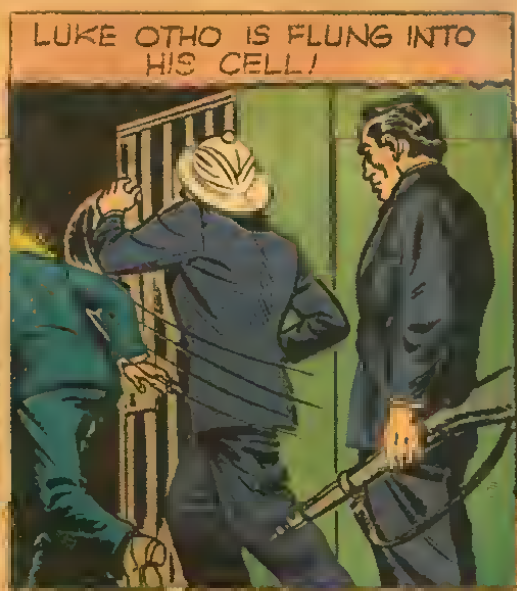
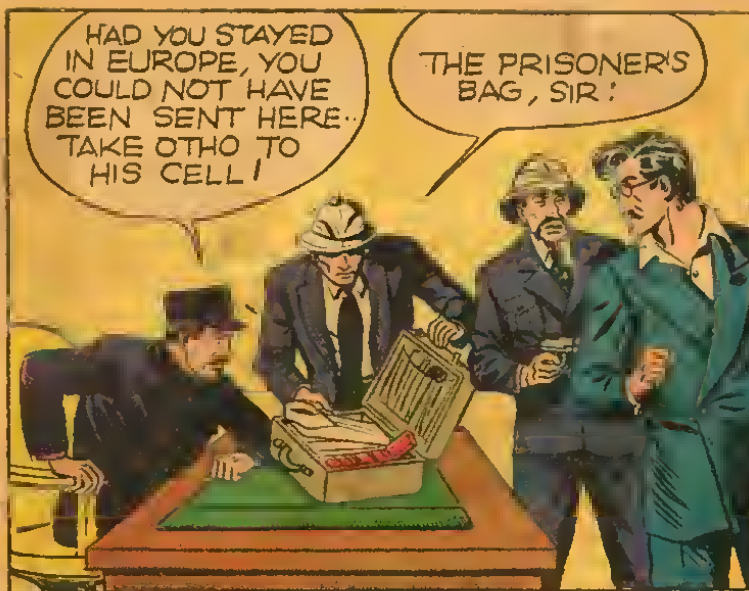
AMERICANS! WHY HAVE YOU COME HERE?

ONLY TO DELIVER A PRISONER WHO BELONGS TO YOU-LUKE OTHO - SENTENCED IN YOUR HOME-LAND BUT ESCAPED TO AMERICA!

SEE OTHO LOOK! HA-HA THEY ALL LOOK, WHEN THEY SEE THEIR LAST HOPE GO!

ENOUGH! TAKE HIM TO THE COMMANDANT!

YOU ARE THE LAST PRISONER, OTHO, WHO WILL COME TO SHARK ISLAND, AND THE GREATEST FOOL OF ALL!

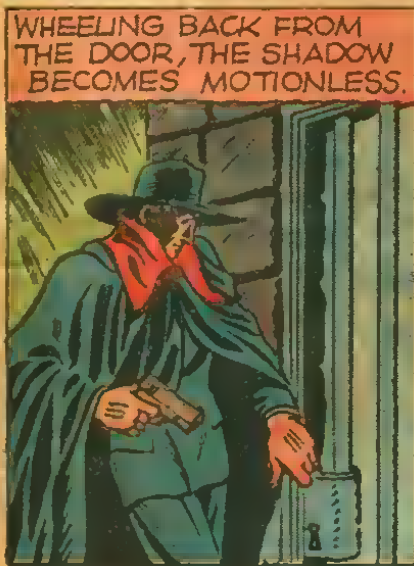




FIRST-TO MAKE IT
LOOK AS IF OTHO
WERE STILL
HERE ...



THEN TO PICK
THIS LOCK...WAIT
SOMEONE IS
APPROACHING!



WHEELING BACK FROM
THE DOOR, THE SHADOW
BECOMES MOTIONLESS.



--AND BY CONCENTRATION
RENDERS HIMSELF IN-
VISIBLE TO HUMAN 'EYES!



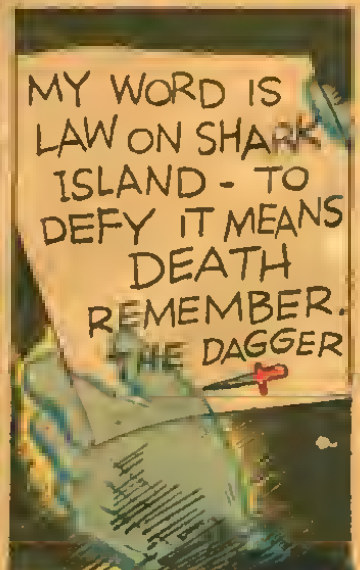
A DAGGER! LUCKY I
USED THE DISAPPEARING
TRICK THAT I LEARNED
IN TIBET!



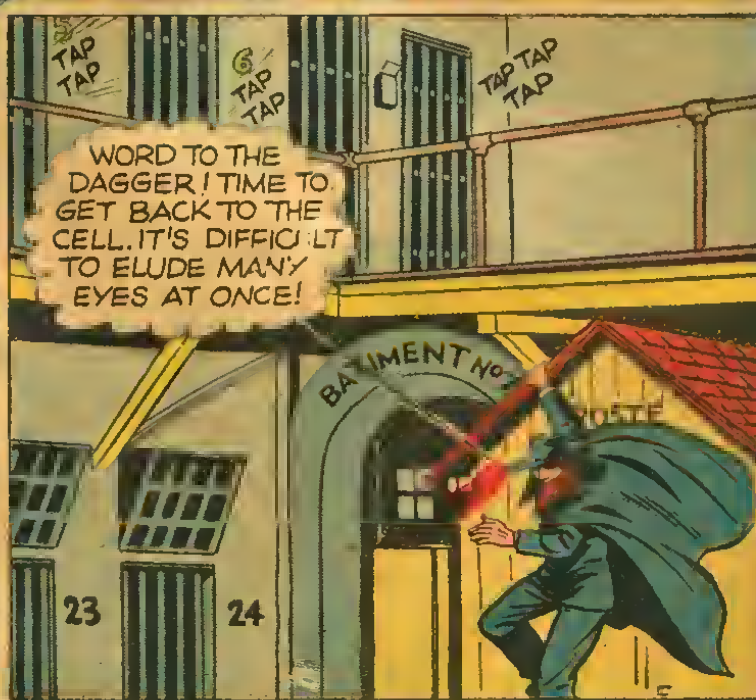
ONLY THE GUARD
IN SIGHT. THEREFORE,
HE MUST HAVE THROWN
THE DAGGER!



A MESSAGE FOR "OTHO".
AS I THOUGHT, SOME-
THING IS BREWING ON
SHARK ISLAND!



MY WORD IS
LAW ON SHARK
ISLAND - TO
DEFY IT MEANS
DEATH
REMEMBER.
THE DAGGER



THAT SAME NIGHT--- IN MIAMI, MARGO LANE RECEIVES A VISIT FROM MEMBERS OF THE F.B.I.-- WHICH ANSWERS A LONG PERPLEXING QUESTION.

YOU HAVE NEWS REGARDING LAMONT CRANSTON!

YES. HE WENT TO SHARK ISLAND IN DISGUISE TO INVESTIGATE REPORTS OF REVOLT!

SUCH A REVOLT MIGHT ENDANGER OUR CARIBBEAN BASES! TELL ME, MISS LANE, DO YOU KNOW JANE MARDELL?

GOOO! WE WANT YOU TO TAKE A YACHT TRIP WITH HER!

WHY, YES--- WE'RE OLD FRIENDS!

HELLO, JANE. MAY I COME ALONG?

MARGO! YOU HAVE A STANDING INVITATION! YOU'VE MET MY FATHER--

HOW DO YOU DO, MISS LANE

THIS IS REALLY A BUSINESS TRIP. FATHER HAS GOVERNMENT CONTRACTS FOR BASES IN THE CARIBBEAN -- SO --

I UNDERSTAND. I'LL REMEMBER NOTHING

THE YACHT NAUTILUS HEADS SOUTHWARD ON HER MYSTERY TRIP TO THE CARIBBEAN UNDER COMMAND OF ALFRED MARDELL

I WONDER IF THE F.B.I. KNOWS THAT LAMONT IS THE SHADOW!

ON SHARK ISLAND-TWO NIGHTS LATER

THINGS ARE TOO QUIET. I'D BETTER HAVE A LOOK ABOUT. BUT I'LL KEEP THE OTHO MAKE-UP, IN CASE I HAVE TO HURRY BACK!



SOMETHING DOING IN THE COMMANDANT'S OFFICE. THAT'S WHERE I MAY LEARN MORE ABOUT THE DAGGER!



THEY'RE CONCENTRATED ON WHAT THEY'RE DOING --MY FADE-AWAY WILL WORK!

THE DAGGER IS A MENACE BUT I'VE ORDERED THE WIRELESS OPERATOR TO CONTACT ONE OF OUR OWN WARSHIPS!



WHEN IT ARRIVES, I'LL COUNT ON YOU LOYAL GUARDS TO FIND THE DAGGER!

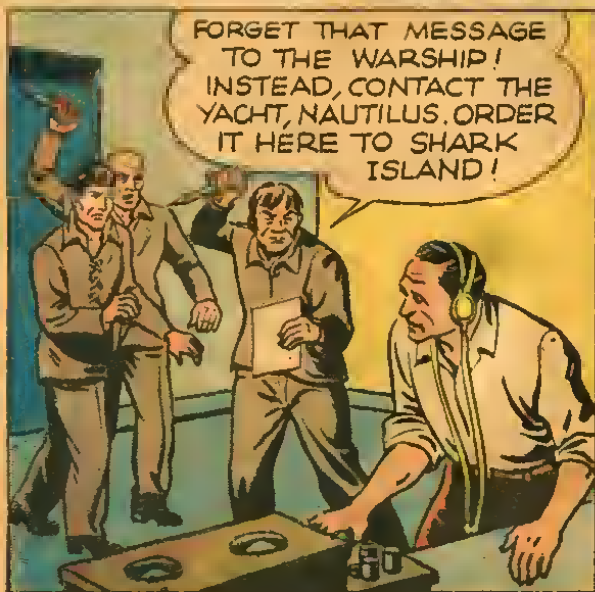
SOME OF THE PRISONERS CAN BE TRUSTED.. IF PROMISED FREEDOM!



NEXT STOP, THE WIRELESS ROOM!



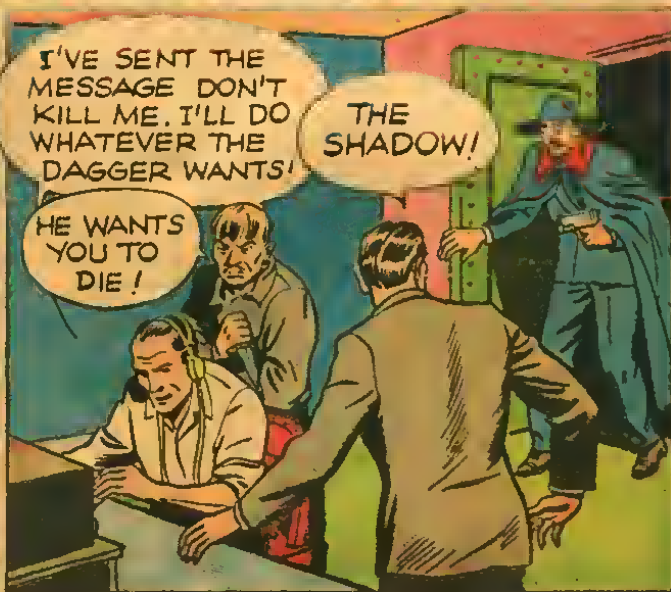
FORGET THAT MESSAGE TO THE WARSHIP! INSTEAD, CONTACT THE YACHT, NAUTILUS. ORDER IT HERE TO SHARK ISLAND!



I'VE SENT THE MESSAGE DON'T KILL ME. I'LL DO WHATEVER THE DAGGER WANTS!

HE WANTS YOU TO DIE!

THE SHADOW!



ATTACKING OPENLY, IN FULL LIGHT, THE SHADOW IS VISIBLE BUT TOO SWIFT FOR HIS FOEMEN!

I CAN DEAL WITH THESE STAY BACK!

NO, NO! I CAN HELP!



FAILING TO HEED THE SHADOW'S ADVICE, THE WIRELESS OPERATOR IS SLAIN--



OUT THIS WAY! WHEN I TURN OFF THE LIGHTS WE'LL TRAP THE SHADOW!

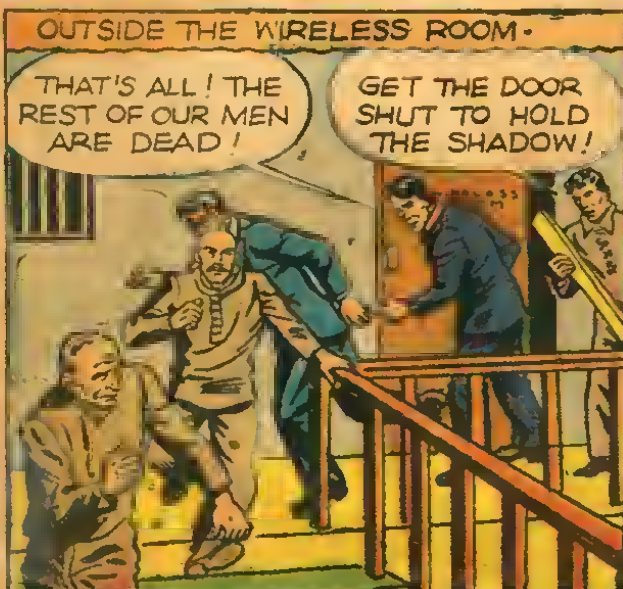


THE LIGHTS GO OUT. BLOTTED IN BLACKNESS, THE SHADOW IS LEFT TO HIS FATE

OUTSIDE THE WIRELESS ROOM.

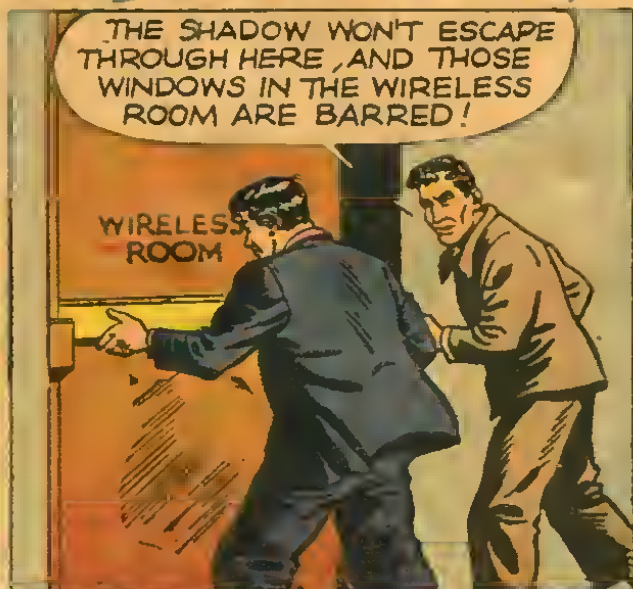
THAT'S ALL! THE REST OF OUR MEN ARE DEAD!

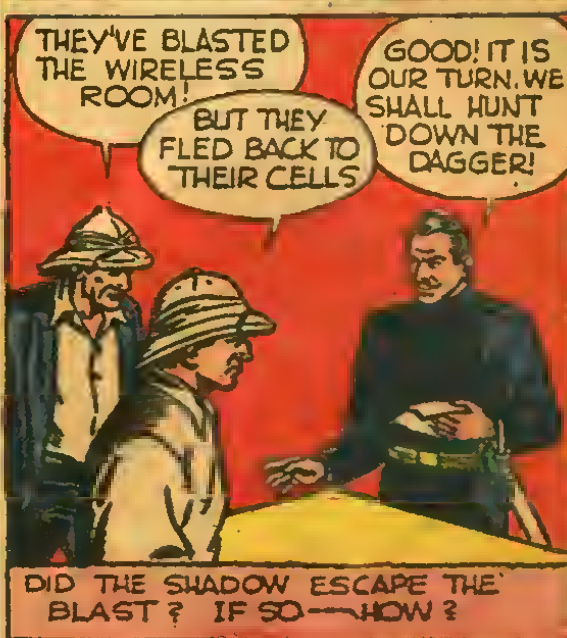
GET THE DOOR SHUT TO HOLD THE SHADOW!

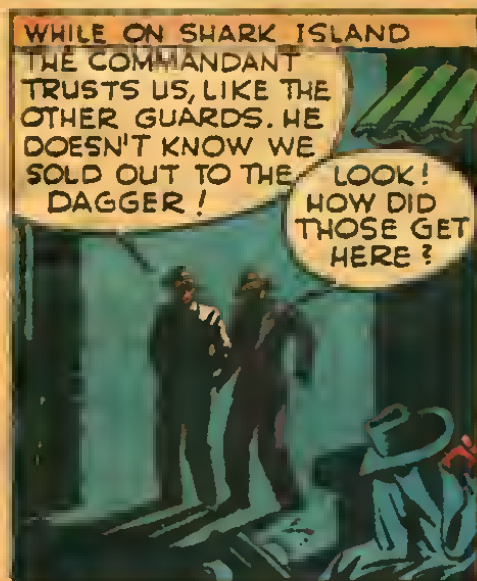
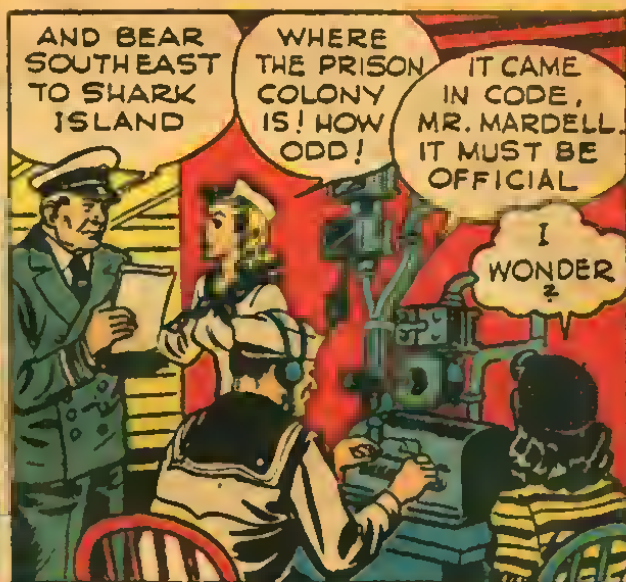
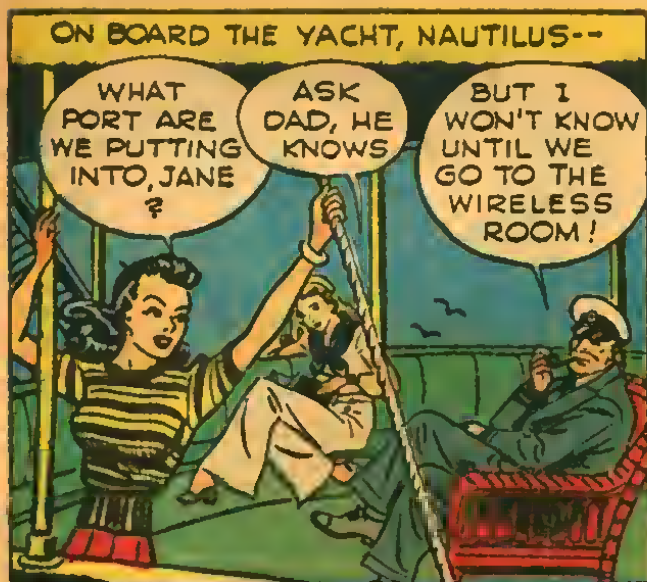


THE SHADOW WON'T ESCAPE THROUGH HERE, AND THOSE WINDOWS IN THE WIRELESS ROOM ARE BARRED!

WIRELESS ROOM







SO THIS IS SHARK ISLAND! HOW COULD ANY HORRIBLE THINGS HAPPEN IN A PLACE OF SUCH BEAUTY, MR. MARDELL?

THEY DO, MARGO—TOO HORRIBLE FOR YOU GIRLS TO TALK ABOUT. WE WON'T MOVE UNTIL WORD COMES FROM THE ISLAND!



LEARNING THAT THE NAUTILUS HAS BEEN DECOYED TO SHARK ISLAND, THE COMMANDANT RESOLVES TO SETTLE THE QUESTION OF THE DAGGER!

BRING THE MOST TRUST-WORTHY PRISONERS. I'LL QUIZ THEM AND LEARN WHO THE DAGGER IS!



YOU ARE PAUL REVELON—YOUR RECORD IS EXCELLENT. IF YOU CAN TELL ME WHO THE DAGGER IS---

LOOK OUT!

I CAN, COMMANDANT--



WHOEVER THREW THAT KNIFE TRIED TO KILL ME! I CAN'T TALK NOW!

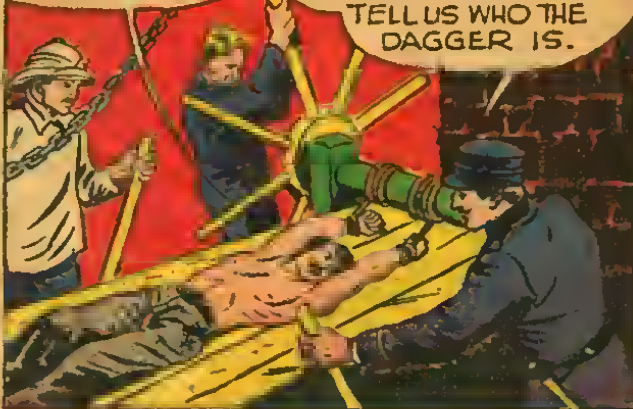
WE'LL MAKE YOU TALK!

THIS SOUNDS INTERESTING



I CAN'T SPEAK, COMMANDANT. IT WOULD MEAN DEATH---

WE SHALL LEAVE YOU FOR A HALF HOUR, REVELON. YOU MAY THEN BE IN A MOOD TO TELL US WHO THE DAGGER IS.



AS REVELON IS LEFT ALONE, THE SHADOW ENTERS THE TORTURE CELL CLOAKED IN INVISIBILITY



I AM THE SHADOW--HERE TO AID YOU, REVELON!



I HEAR YOU! STRANGE I CAN'T SEE YOU!

YOU CAN SEE ME NOW, BECAUSE I WILL IT!

I SEE YOU! I KNOW YOU CAN PROTECT ME, THOUGH THE COMMANDANT COULDN'T



THEN NAME THE DAGGER!

I WILL, BUT GIVE ME WATER, FIRST



I AM THE DAGGER! I KNEW MY GAME WOULD BRING YOU TO YOUR DEATH--SHADOW!



I ASKED FOR WATER, SHADOW, I AM TAKING BLOOD, INSTEAD!



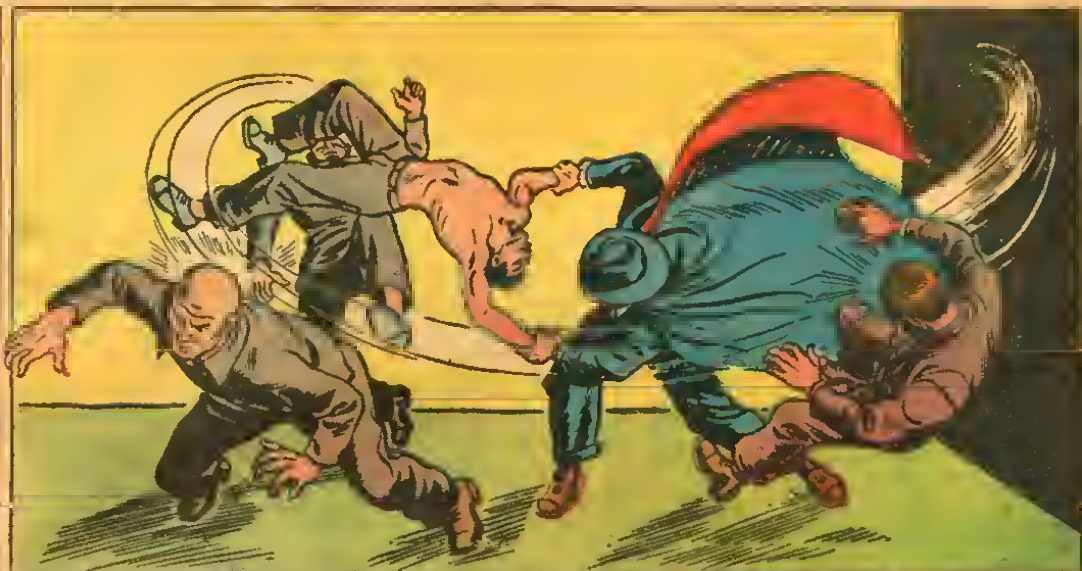
NO BLOOD, REVELON. JUST WATER --- YOU ASKED FOR IT!



--AND MY COMMANDS ARE OBEYED! TO MY AID, MEN!



THE
SHADOW
MEETS
ATTACKERS
WITH
REVELON,
THE
HUMAN
DAGGER
AS A
WEAPON !



HERE'S
YOUR
DAGGER
KEEP
HIM !

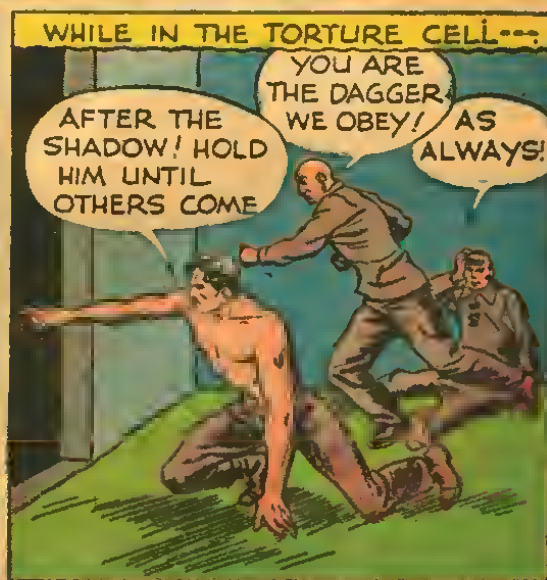


GUARDS-TRAITORS WHO
SOLD OUT TO THE DAGGER.
THEY NEED STIFFER
MEDICINE !



THERE GOES ANOTHER-
ONLY ONE MORE ---

QUICK! BRING
THE RESERVES!

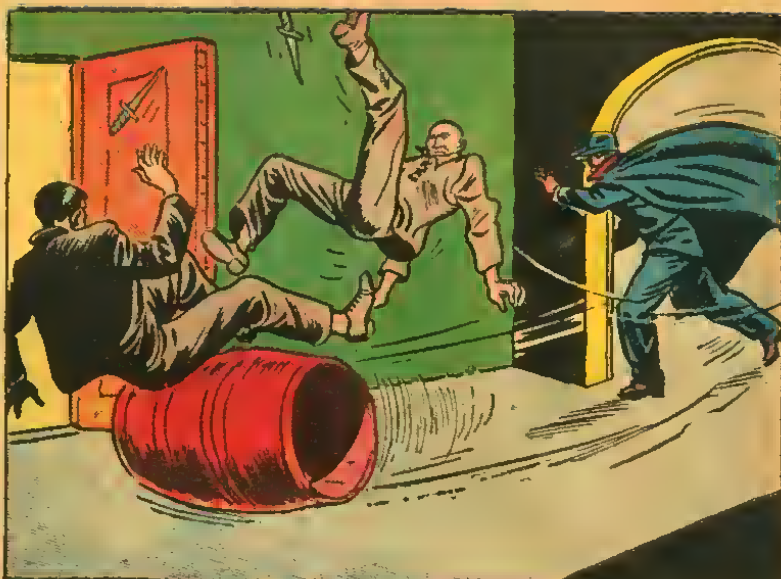


WHILE IN THE TORTURE CELL---

YOU ARE
THE DAGGER
WE OBEY! AS
ALWAYS!

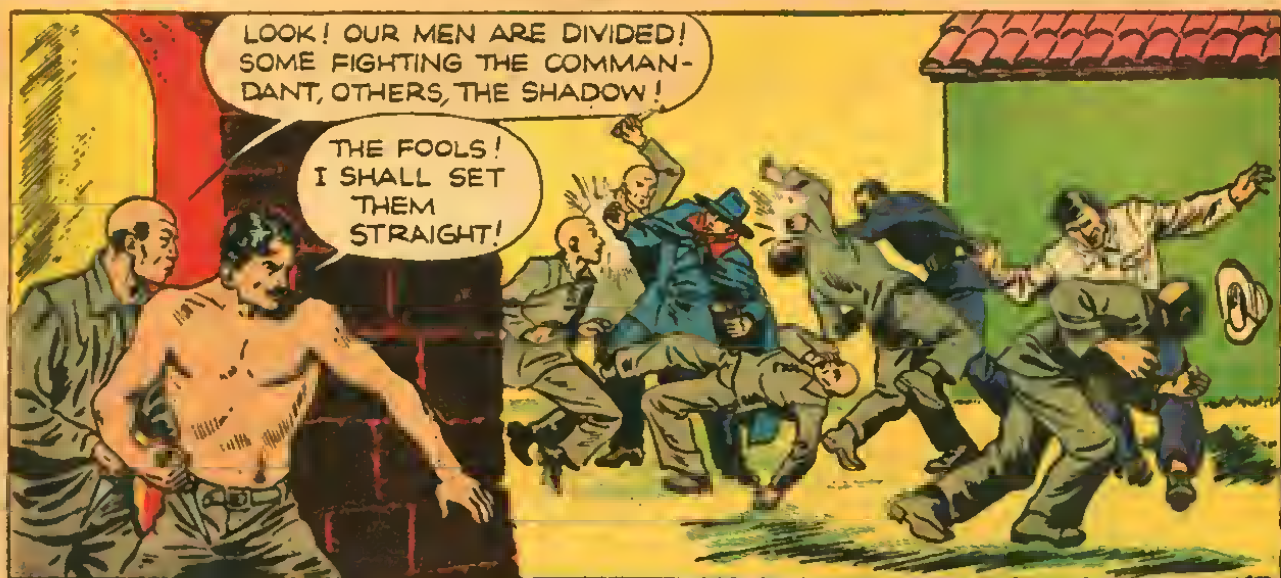
AFTER THE
SHADOW! HOLD
HIM UNTIL
OTHERS COME

THE DAGGER'S UPRISING HAS BEGUN----

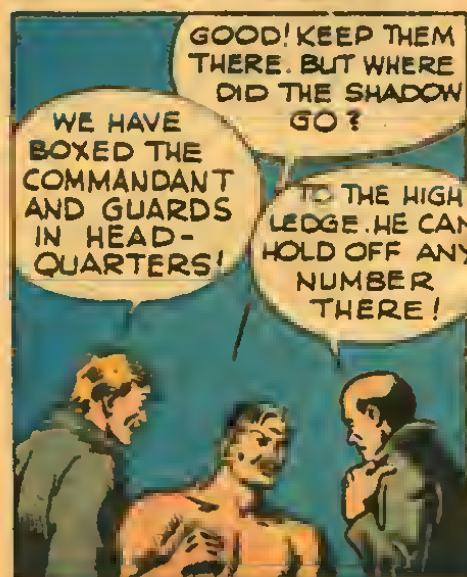


OUTSIDE
THE BLOCK
OF TORTURE
CELLS, THE
SHADOW
SEES THE
COMMANDANT
AND LOYAL
GUARDS IN
RETREAT.





ON THE YACHT, NAUTYLUS



AN EMPTY GUN- BUT STILL
AS GOOD A WEAPON AS
THE DAGGER'S BLADE!



HE'S GOING OVER
THE CLIFF!!
FIRE!



I'LL
TAKE THAT
DAGGER,
REVELON!

TOO LATE,
SHADOW, MY
RESERVES
ARE
COMING!



FOOLS!
YOU ARE
TOO LATE!



BUT
THOSE BLACK
WATERS WILL
HIDE ME!



HE'S
LANDED
IN THE
BLACK
POOL!

"WHERE
THE GREAT
SHARK
WILL
FINISH
HIM!"



DEEP IN THE BLACK POOL

MUST--REACH--
SURFACE--



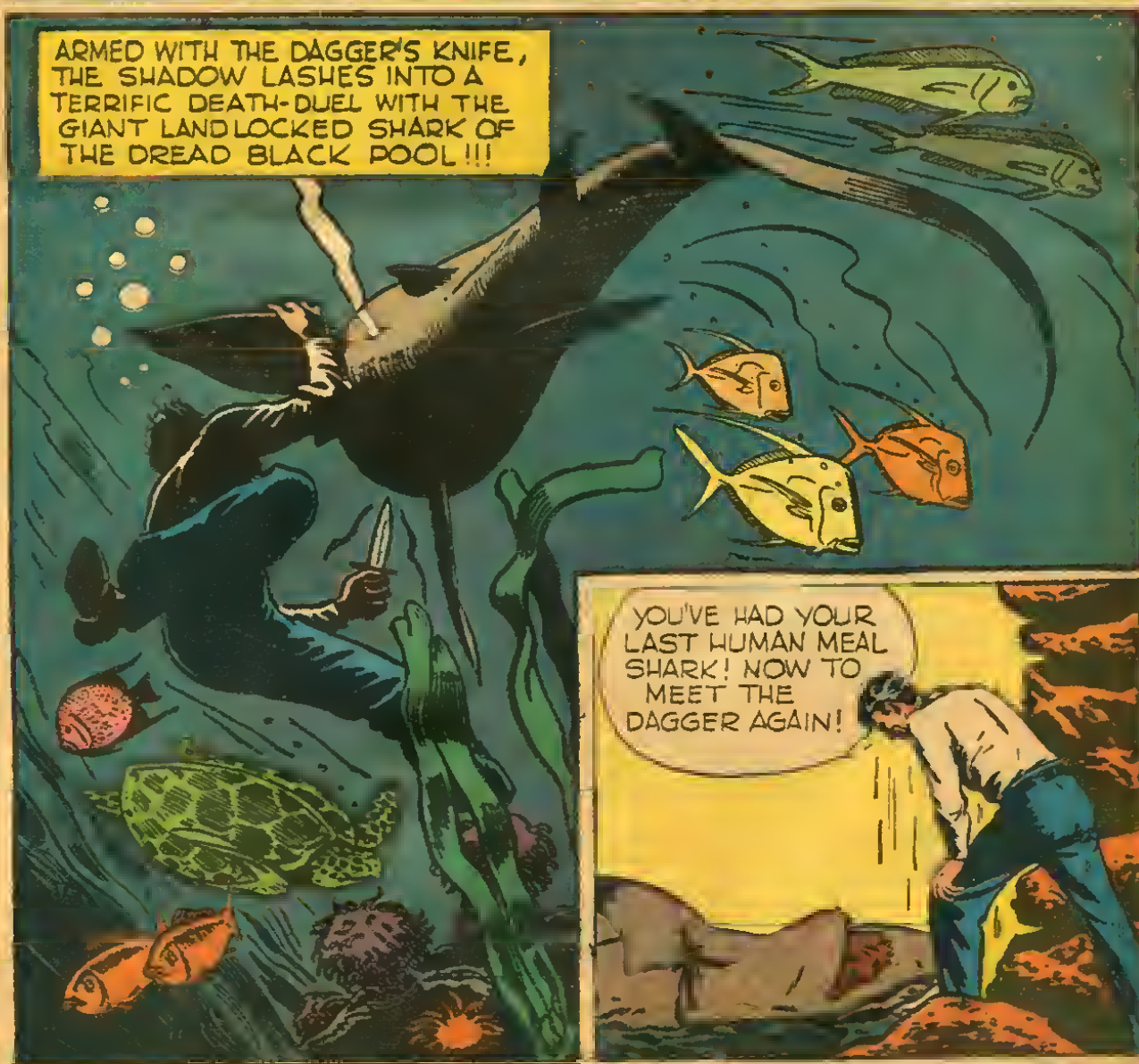
A SHARK FIN!
I'M GLAD I BROUGHT
THE DAGGER'S
KNIFE!



ONE LONG
BREATH, AND
THEN--

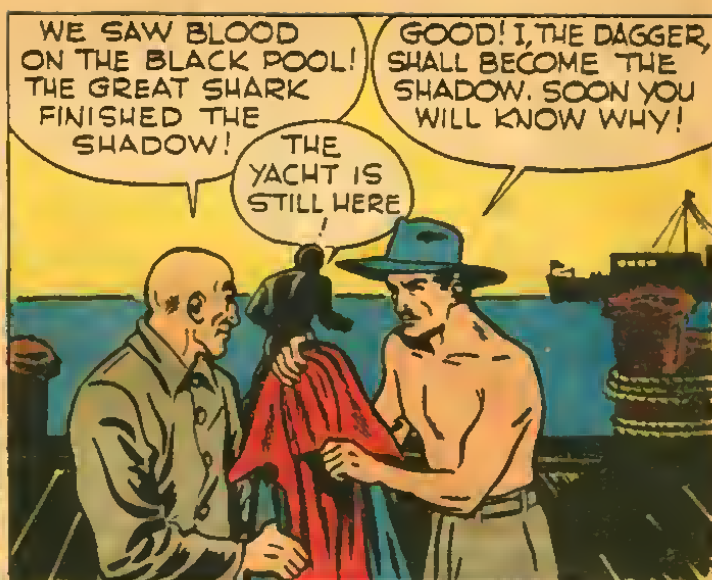
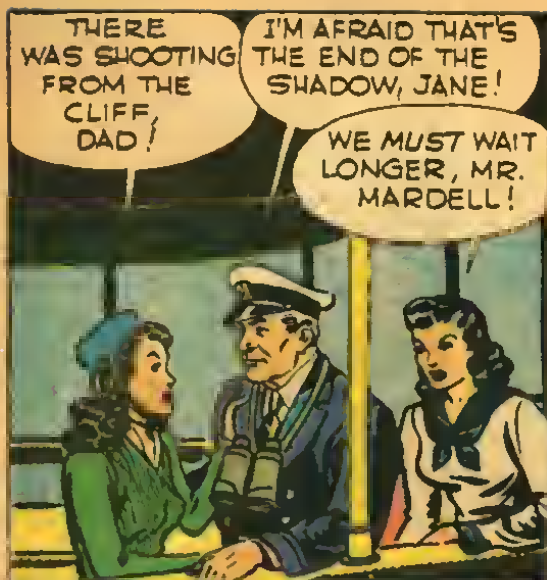


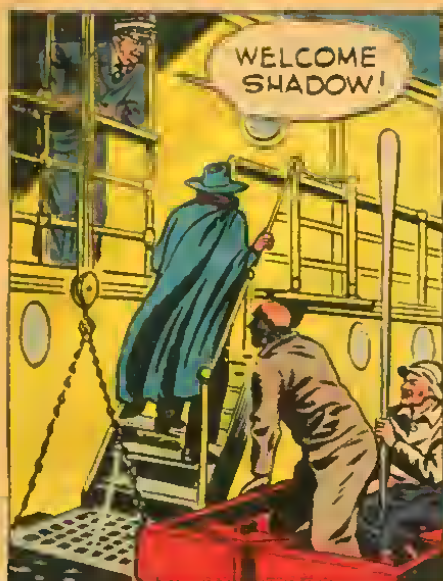
ARMED WITH THE DAGGER'S KNIFE,
THE SHADOW LASHES INTO A
TERRIFIC DEATH-DUEL WITH THE
GIANT LANDLOCKED SHARK OF
THE DREAD BLACK POOL!!!



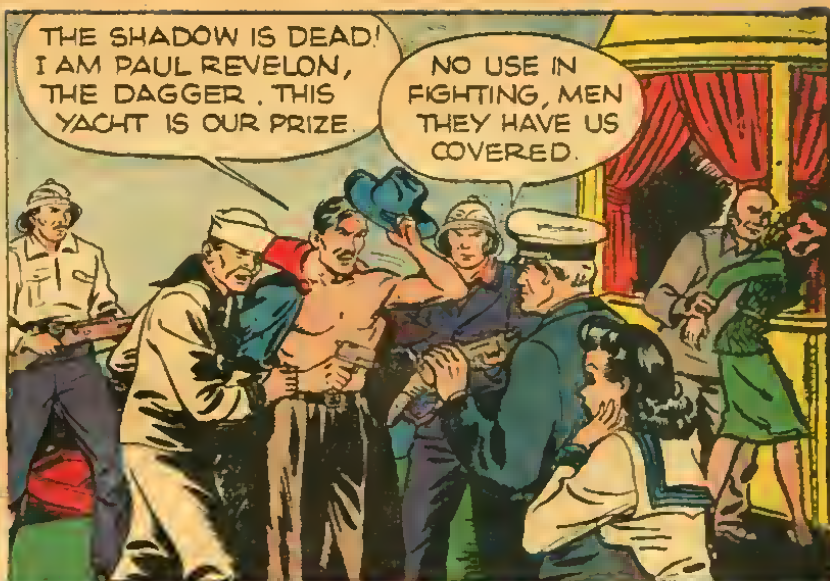
YOU'VE HAD YOUR
LAST HUMAN MEAL
SHARK! NOW TO
MEET THE
DAGGER AGAIN!





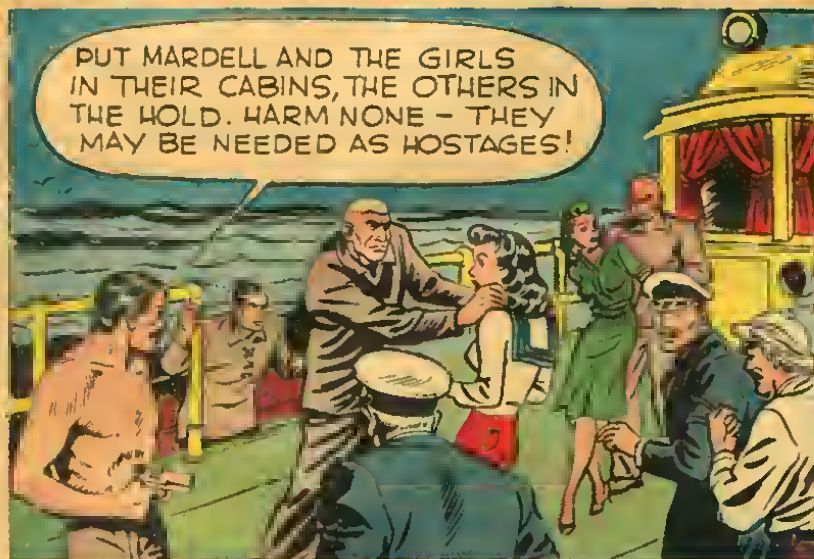


WELCOME
SHADOW!



THE SHADOW IS DEAD!
I AM PAUL REVELON,
THE DAGGER. THIS
YACHT IS OUR PRIZE.

NO USE IN
FIGHTING, MEN
THEY HAVE US
COVERED.



PUT MARDELL AND THE GIRLS
IN THEIR CABINS, THE OTHERS IN
THE HOLD. HARM NONE - THEY
MAY BE NEEDED AS HOSTAGES!



THEN GO TO
THE SUPPLY
WHARF, AND
BRING THE
AMMUNITION!

THE
DAGGER
HAS SPOKEN!
WE OBEY!

MEANWHILE, THE SHADOW, RETURNING FROM THE BLACK POOL, HAS WITNESSED THE CAPTURE OF THE YACHT. HURRYING TO THE SUPPLY WHARF, HE IS FIRST TO ENTER!



GUNS AND
AMMUNITION -
IF I CAN GET
AT THEM,
BEFORE ..

LOOK! HE MUST
BE THE
SHADOW!

THE DAGGER
DID NOT KILL HIM
BUT WE SHALL.



DODGING THE KNIFE, THE SHADOW IS TOO
LATE TO GRAB THE GUN. UNARMED, HE FACES
SURE DEATH FROM THE TWO FOEMEN



HITTING THE
TRAP DOOR,
THE SHADOW
DROPS FROM
BETWEEN HIS
ASSAILANTS!
ONE
RECEIVES
THE BULLET--
THE OTHER
THE KNIFE!!



THAT WAS LUCK!
DODGING THOSE TWO--

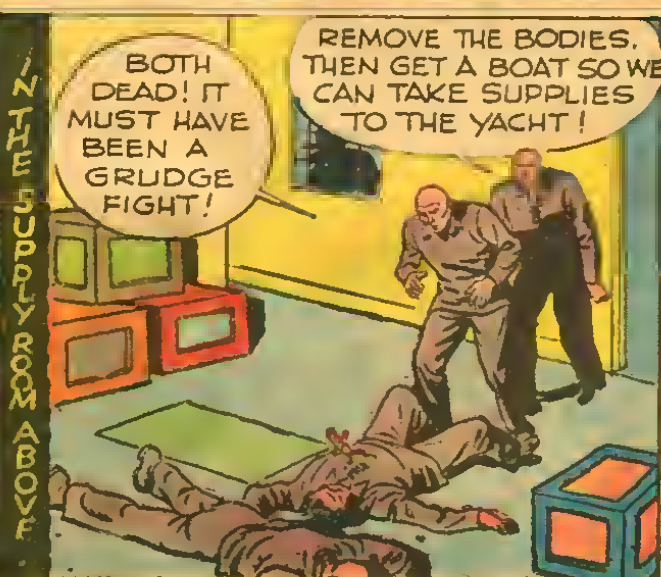


AND SO IS THIS!
LANDING IN A
BOAT SENT BY
THE DAGGER!



NOW TO BIND THIS
PAIR, AND HIDE
THEM SOMEWHERE!

WHAM!



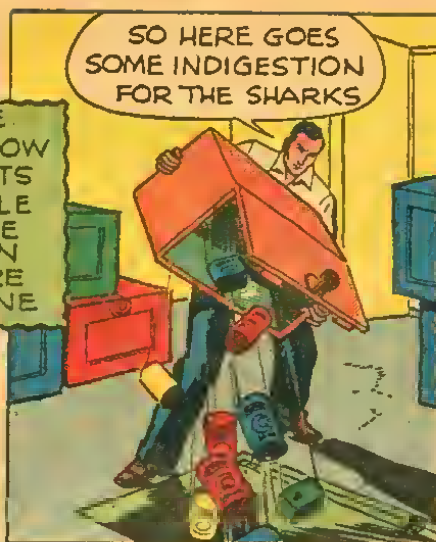
BOTH
DEAD! IT
MUST HAVE
BEEN A
GRUDGE
FIGHT!

REMOVE THE BODIES.
THEN GET A BOAT SO WE
CAN TAKE SUPPLIES
TO THE YACHT!

IN THE SUPPLY ROOM ABOVE

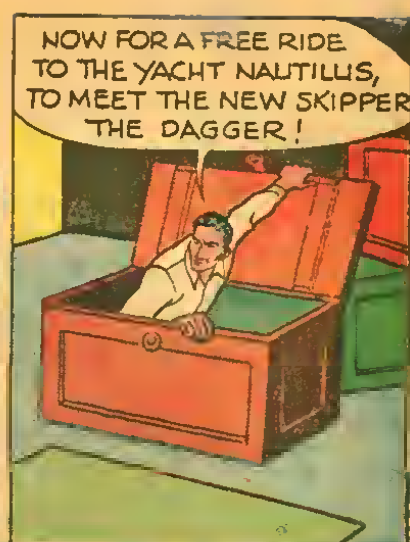


CANNED GOODS-
JUST ABOUT
MY OWN WEIGHT



SO HERE GOES
SOME INDIGESTION
FOR THE SHARKS

THE
SHADOW
ACTS
WHILE
THE
MEN
ARE
GONE



NOW FOR A FREE RIDE
TO THE YACHT NAUTILUS,
TO MEET THE NEW SKIPPER
THE DAGGER!



THE LAST
BOAT!

WE'LL BE
STARTING
SOON!



OUR LEADER,
THE DAGGER,
HAS A FINE
UNIFORM!

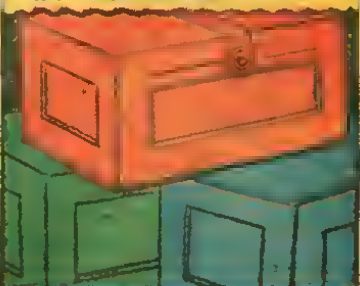
IT'S THE
NEW FULL
DRESS THAT
THE COM-
MANDANT
ORDERED

I BROUGHT
YOU ON DECK,
MARDELL, TO SEE
MY FLEET! IT CAR-
RIES A THOUSAND
MEN. NOW TO
YOUR CABIN. I
HAVE MATTERS
TO DISCUSS!

IF ONLY
THE SHADOW
WERE HERE!



THE SHADOW IS ON
THE NAUTILUS, WITHIN
A CLAMPED BOX
IN THE HOLD !!!

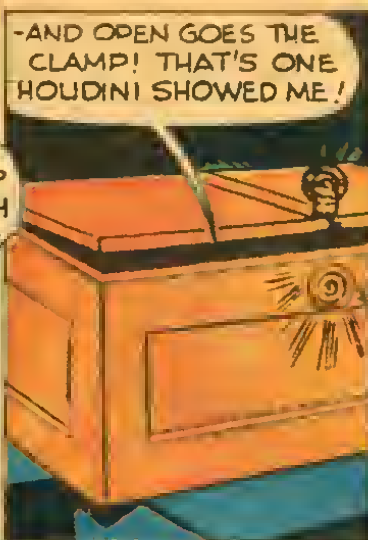
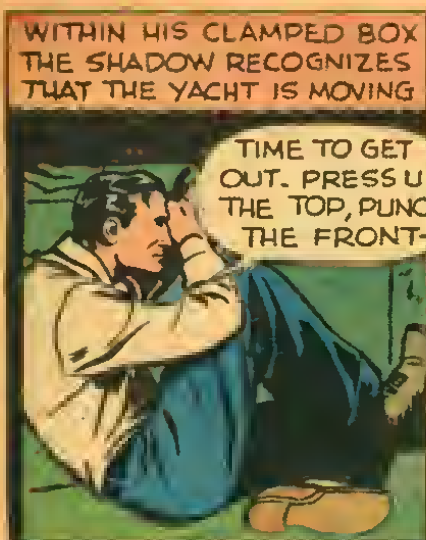


WITHIN HIS CLAMPED BOX THE SHADOW RECOGNIZES THAT THE YACHT IS MOVING

-AND OPEN GOES THE CLAMP! THAT'S ONE HOUDINI SHOWED ME!

NOW TO FIND OUT WHY ALL IS SO QUIET ON BOARD THE NAUTILUS!

TIME TO GET OUT. PRESS UP THE TOP, PUNCH THE FRONT--



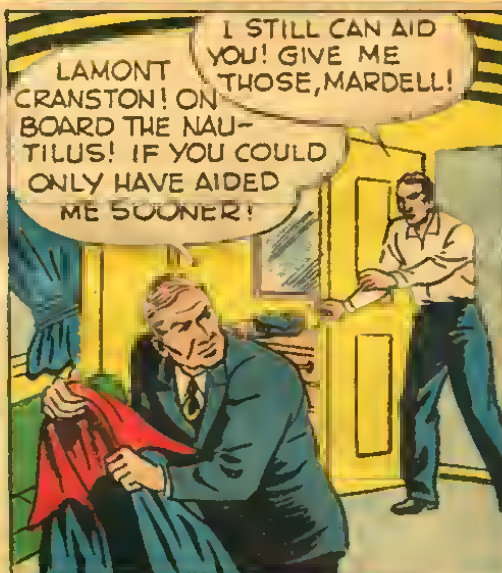
THEN YOU WON'T TORTURE JANE OR MARGO?

NO! SINCE YOU HAVE GIVEN ME THESE PLANS TO THE U.S. DEFENSE BASE, I WITHDRAW THAT THREAT!

I NO LONGER NEED THE SHADOW'S HAT AND CLOAK! THROW THEM INTO THE SEA!

I STILL CAN AID YOU! GIVE ME THOSE, MARDELL!

LAMONT CRANSTON! ON BOARD THE NAUTILUS! IF YOU COULD ONLY HAVE AIDED ME SOONER!



SO THE DAGGER HAS THE KEY TO THE NEW DEFENSE BASE?

YES! IT'S ON SHELTER ISLE, NOT FAR FROM HERE. HE EVIDENTLY INTENDS A SURPRISE.

NIGHT HAS SETTLED. WITH ITS GLOOM AND HIS ABILITY TO CLOUD MEN'S MINDS, THE SHADOW MOVES INVISIBLY ABOUT THE YACHT!

NOW TO OVERHEAR THE DAGGER!

I THE DAGGER, SHALL TAKE OVER SHELTER ISLE! AS CENTER OF MY CARIBBEAN EMPIRE IT WILL BE A HAVEN FOR FOREIGN SUBMARINES!





SEE! OUR BOATS HAVE
ALREADY MET THE
TROJAN! SHE WAS WAIT-
ING FOR US. WHEN WE
SUPPLY THE GUNS...

THE TROJAN!
SUPPLY SHIP FOR
SHELTER ISLE, AID-
ING THE DAGGER!
THIS MEANS
QUICK WORK



THE HORDE
FROM THE
DAGGER'S
FLEET IS
STOWING
AWAY
ON THE
STEAMER
TROJAN!



THE
SHADOW!

ALIVE!

HURRY!
WE MUST
GET SOME OF
THE ARMS AND
AMMUNITION
TO THIS CABIN!



THEY'RE TAKING
THE REST OF
THE ARMS. YES.
TO THE TROJAN. I'M A
GOOD SWIMMER

THEN
GET READY,
WHILE I'M
RELEASING
THE YACHT
CREW!

NIGHT ON THE CARIBBEAN--THE
FREIGHTER TROJAN ARRIVES
AT THE NEW U.S. BASE ON SHELTER
ISLE, WITH EXPECTED SUPPLIES.
THE SHIP IS APTLY NAMED, FOR IT
IS A FLOATING "TROJAN HORSE"
HUNDREDS OF ARMED MEN ARE
HIDDEN IN THE HOLD-SERVERS
OF AN EVIL LEADER, CALLED
THE DAGGER !!!



VERY WELL,
CAPTAIN, YOU MAY
WAIT UNTIL TO-
MORROW TO UNLOAD
THE CARGO

THANK YOU, SIR,
IT WILL BE A
GREAT HELP

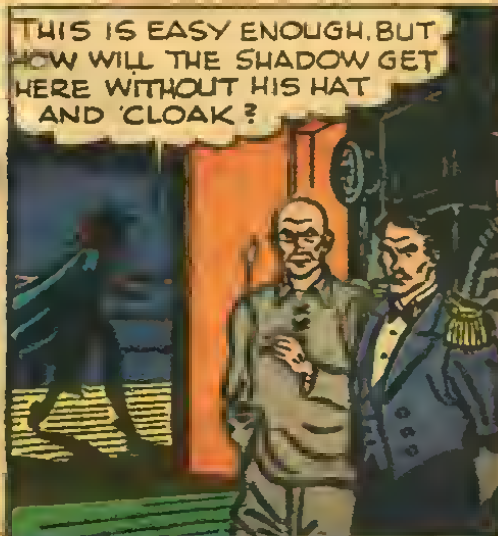


WE'RE ON
THE OTHER
SIDE OF
SHELTER
ISLE!

AND
THE
SHADOW
IS BACK!



WEAR THESE, SO NO
ONE WILL SEE YOU
GOING TO THE DECK!



THIS IS EASY ENOUGH, BUT
HOW WILL THE SHADOW GET
HERE WITHOUT HIS HAT
AND CLOAK?

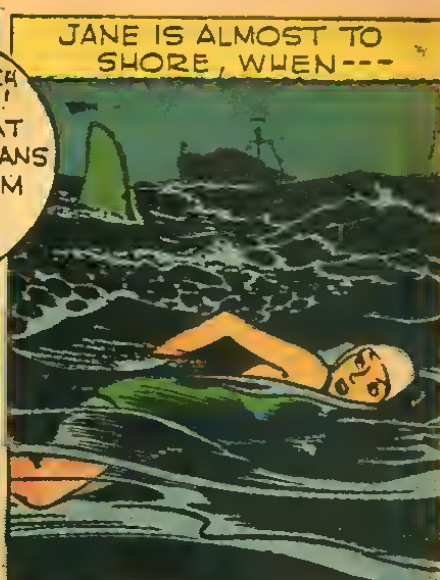


OH- YOU'RE
HERE!



BUT WHAT ABOUT
THE SHARKS?

DON'T
WORRY. REACH
THE MARINES!
TELL THEM THAT
THE DAGGER PLANS
TO BLAST THEM
IN THEIR
BARRACKS!



JANE IS ALMOST TO
SHORE, WHEN---



THE SHADOW SPOTS THE
TELL-TALE FIN AND FIRES



THE SHADOW BETRAYED HIM-
SELF TO SAVE ME FROM THE
SHARK. I MUST GET WORD
TO THE
BARRACKS.



THE
SHADOW
STILL
ALIVE!
GET
HIM!

THAT SHOT
RUINED MY
INVISIBILITY!
WELL--HERE
GOES!



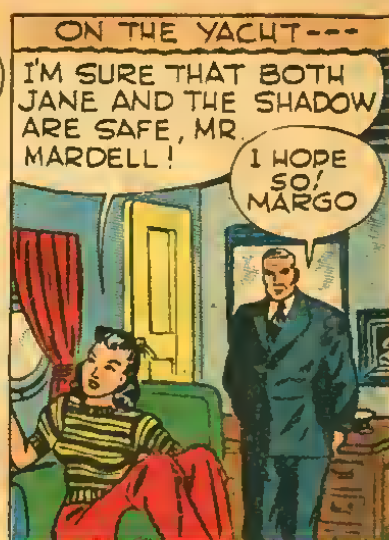
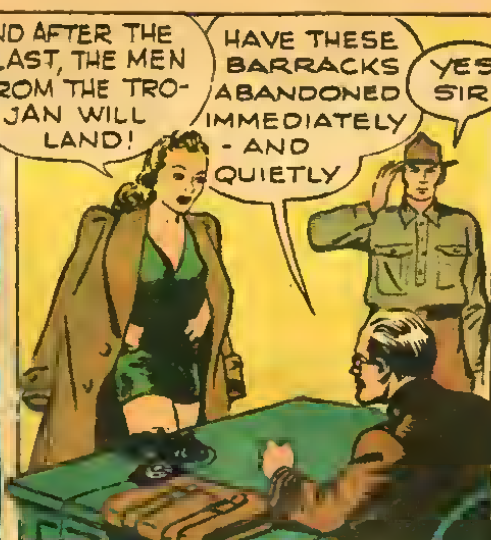
THE YACHT'S
CREW, LOOSE!
FIGHT THEM
OFF!!




THE YACHT'S CREW RETREATED
TO MARDELL'S CABIN!

THE SHADOW
MUST HAVE JOINED
THEM WHEN HE
DISAPPEARED!


KEEP THEM
THERE! THESE
MEN ARE GOING
TO THE GROTTA
TO BLAST THE
BARRACKS!





THE SHADOW'S
STRATEGY WORKS.
BY SACRIFICING THE
EMPTY BARRACKS,
HE MISLEADS THE
DAGGER'S HORDE.
THE EXPLOSION IS
THEIR SIGNAL TO
COME ASHORE FROM
THE TROJAN--

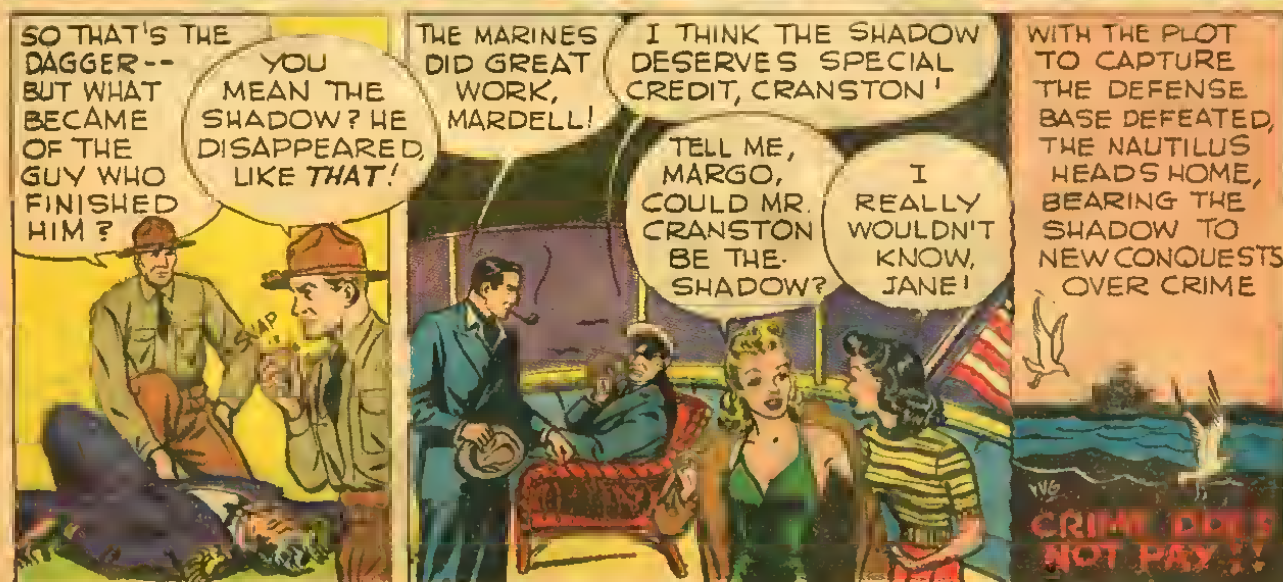
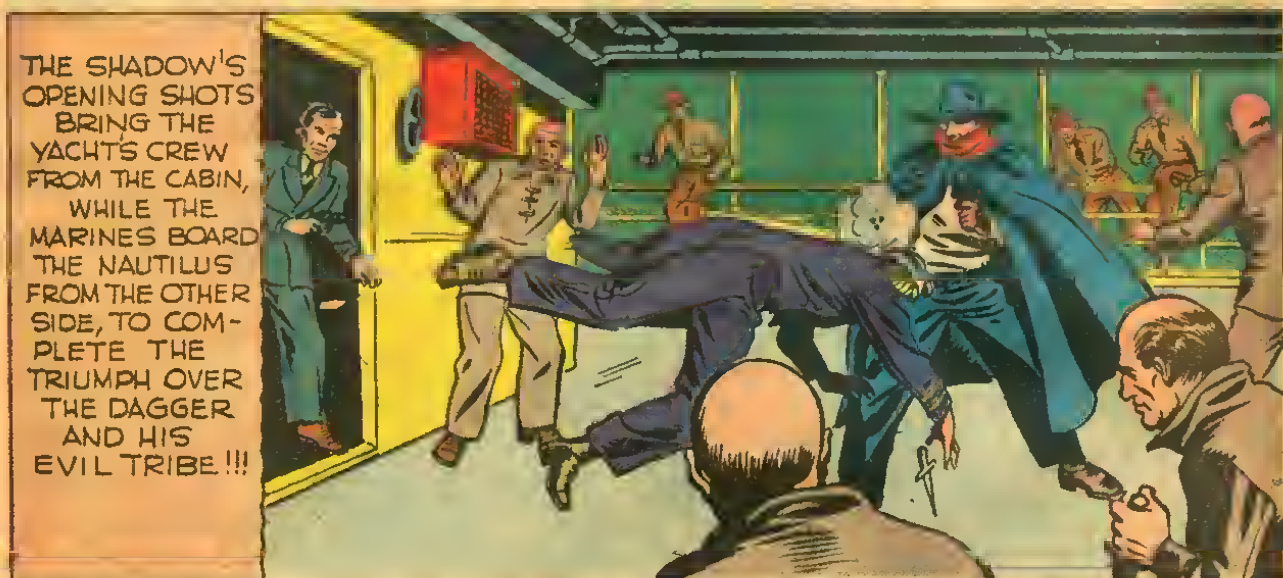
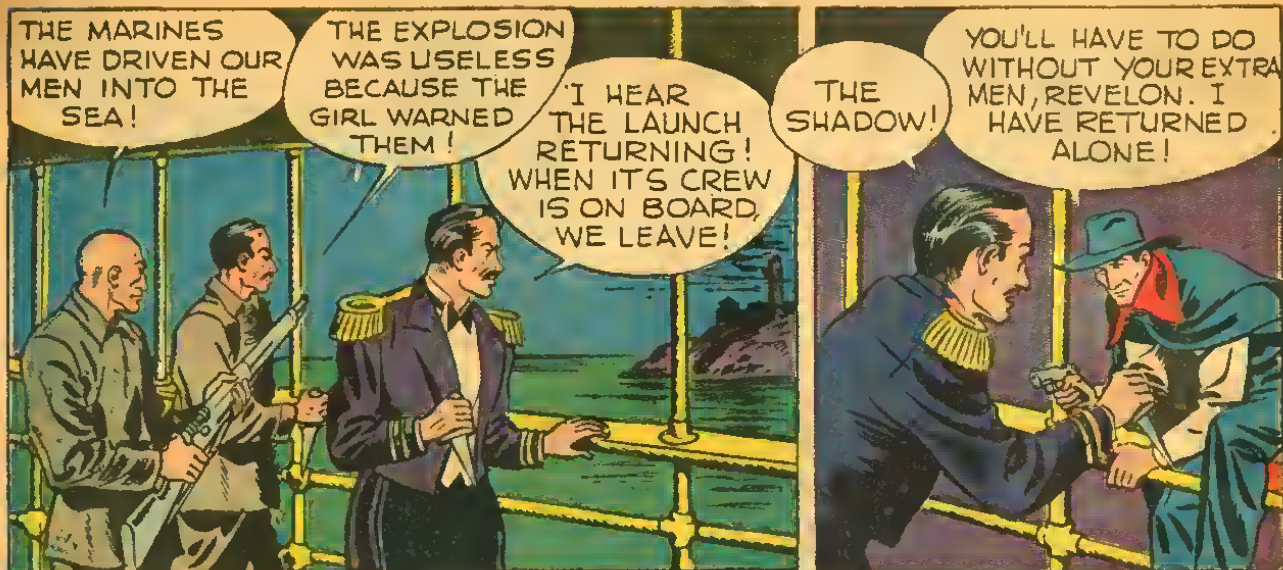
MEANWHILE NOW, BACK
TO THE
NAUTILUS!



THE DAGGER'S HORDE
IS SURPRISED AND
OVER WHELMED
BY THE ENTIRE
BATTALION OF
MARINES!

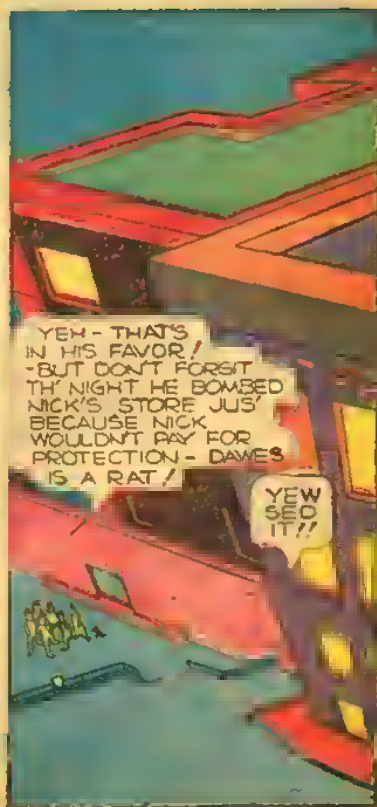
A COMPLETE
MOP-UP,
SIR!

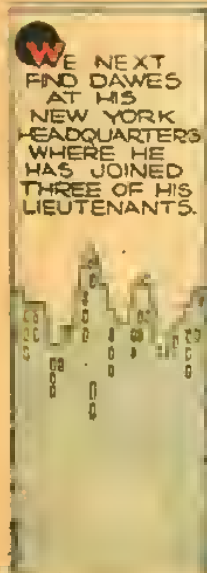
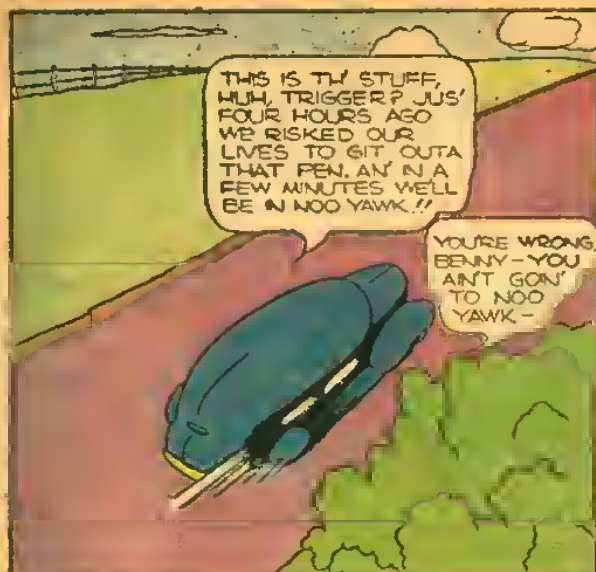
GOOD! PREPARE
A BOARDING PARTY
TO VISIT THE
NAUTILUS!



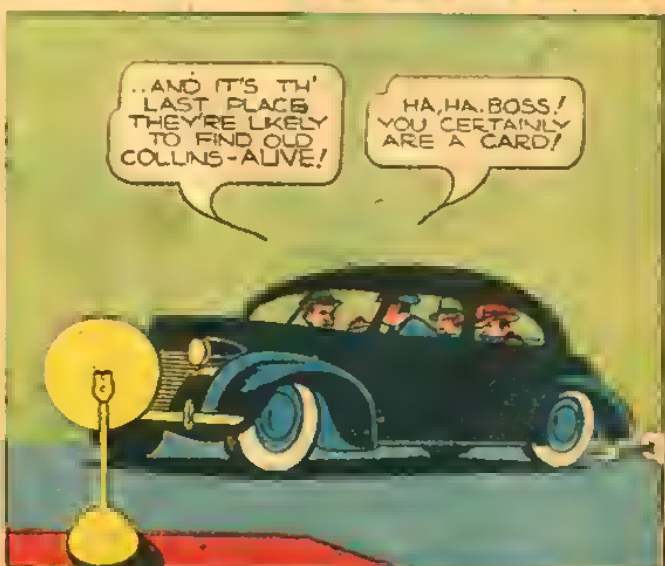
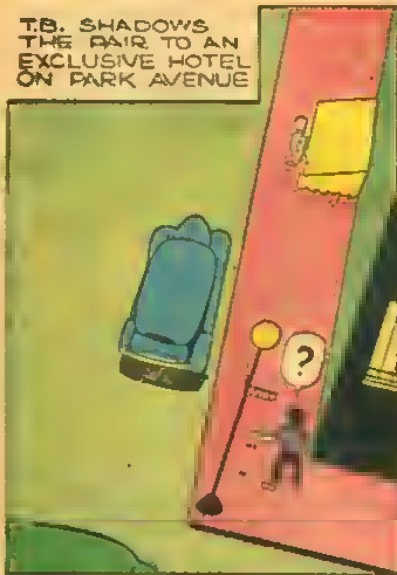
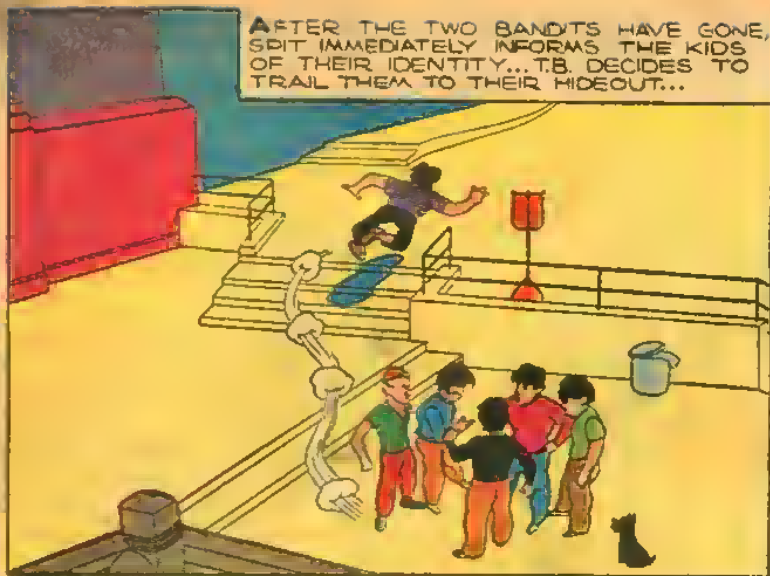
THE "DEAD END" KIDS

BY
LAFE THOMAS



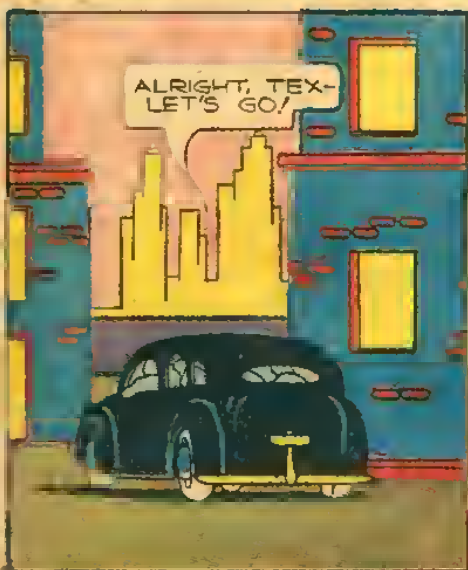
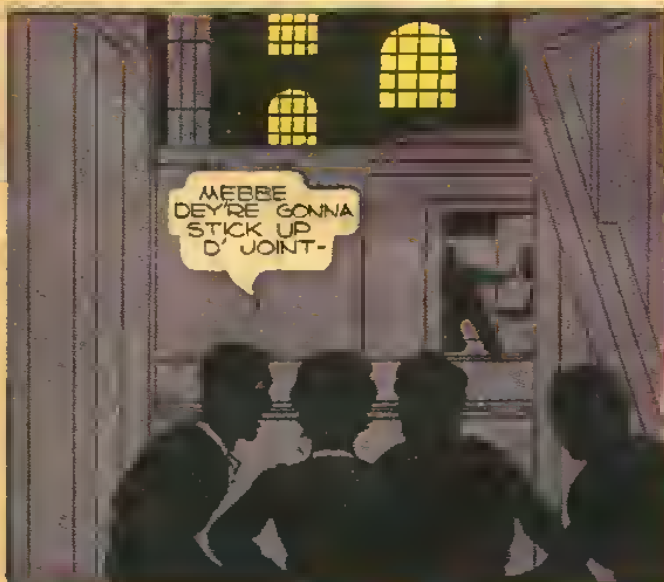
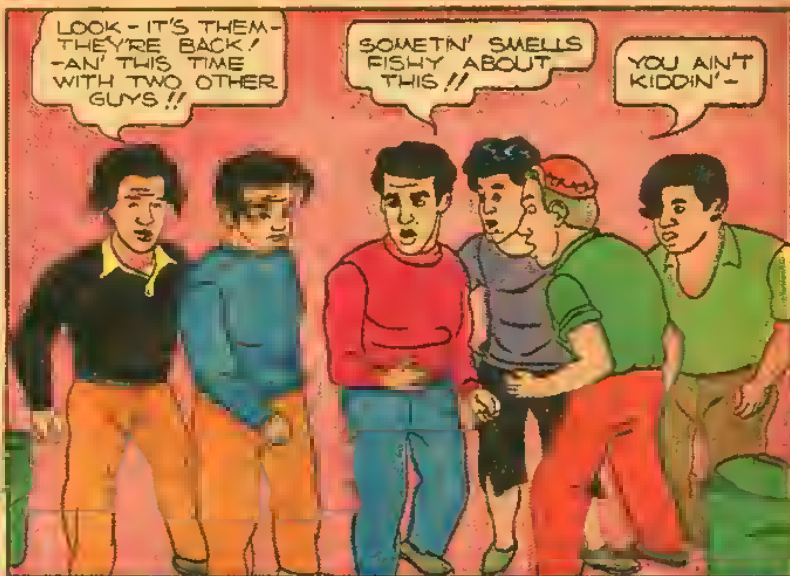


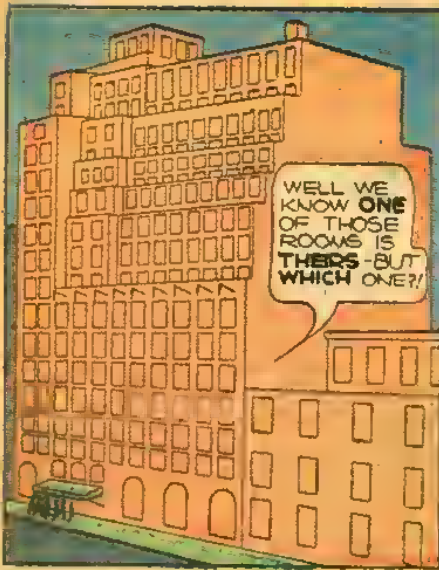






JUST A FEW FEET AWAY





WELL WE KNOW ONE OF THOSE ROOMS IS THEIRS - BUT WHICH ONE?



MAYBE DEY REGISTERED!!

YEH, YEH, SURE! TRIGGER DAWES AN' HOSTAGE?!!

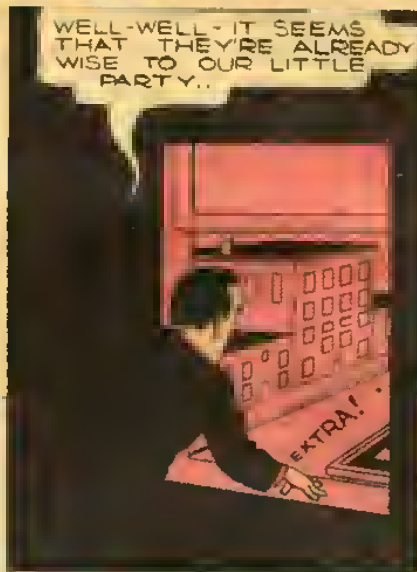
NAH! WE GOTTA THINK A SOME OTHER WAY TUM - HEY! WATS AT?

SOUNDS LIKE A EXTRY!

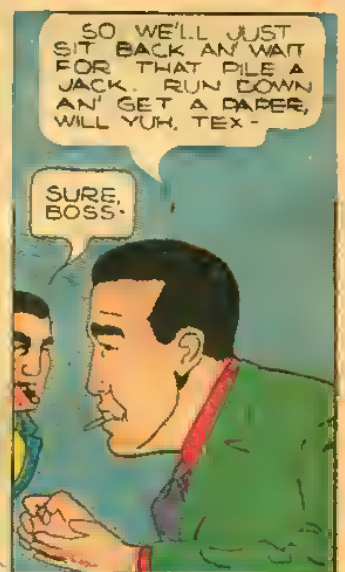


WUXTRY! WUXTRY! FAMOUS JOORIST KIDNAPPED!

RIGHT HERE, WE'LL TAKE ALL YA GOT! (NOW IF WE CAN ONLY MAKE A SALE TUM TH' RIGHT PARTY-)



WELL - WELL - IT SEEMS THAT THEY'RE ALREADY WISE TO OUR LITTLE PARTY..



SO WE'LL JUST SIT BACK AN' WAIT FOR THAT PILE A JACK. RUN DOWN AN' GET A DAPER, WILL YUH, TEX -

SURE, BOSS.



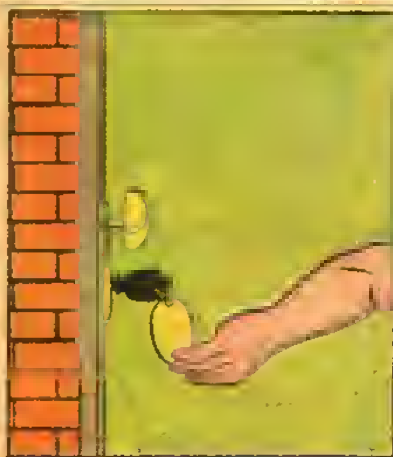
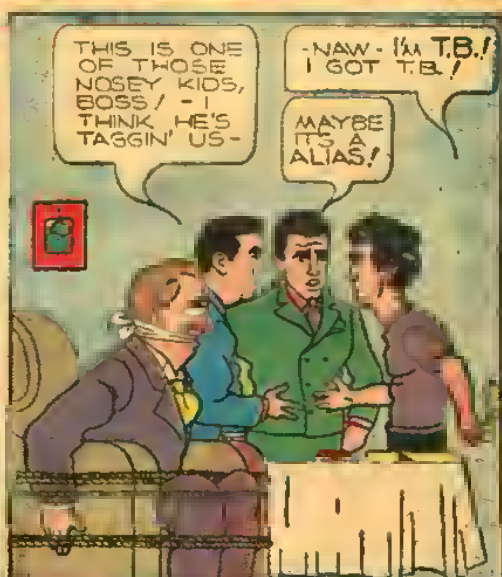
THAT'S ONE A TH' GANG BUYIN' A DAPAH FROM T.B. NOW - WE'LL FOLLOW HIM BACK TO THEIR ROOM -

~ RHUM BOOGIE ~
~ RHUM BOOGIE - WOOGIE ~

PADAH, MISTER? - TREE SANT'S?

YEH! - (SAY - THIS KID LOOKS FAMILIAR!) WHAT DO YOU KNOW! I HAVENT ANY MONEY - CAN ON UP WITH ME AN' I'LL GIVE YOU A TIP!

- HOW'D YUH LIKE A SCORE TEST??

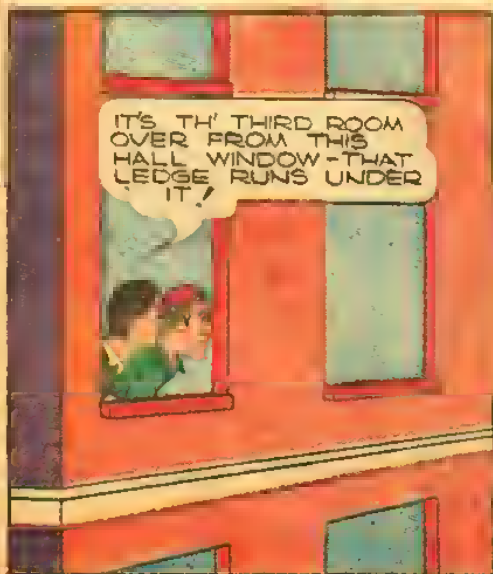
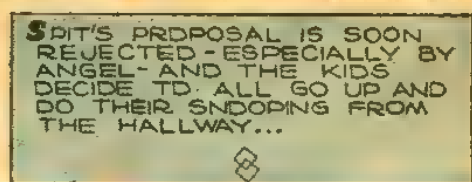


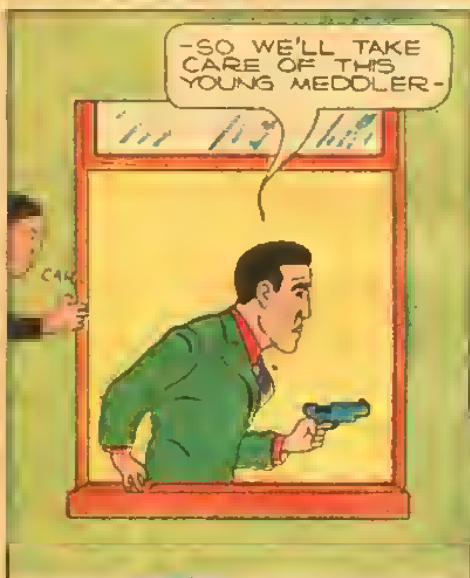
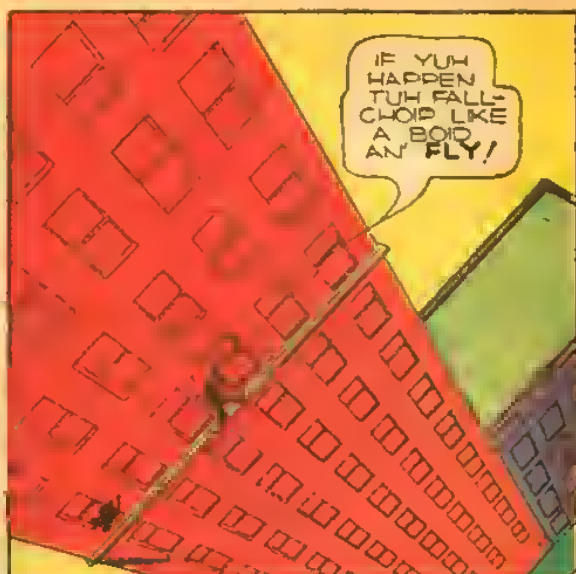
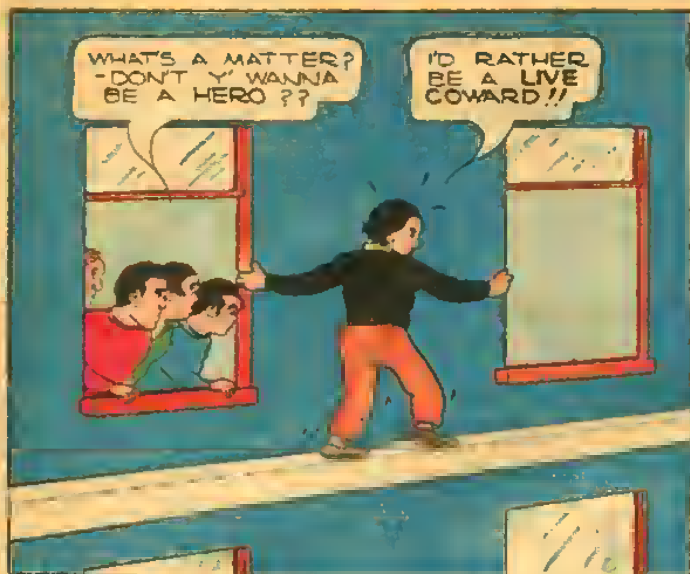
FUMBLING THE DOOR KEY BY ACCIDENT, T.B. HOPES TO SECURE IT WITHOUT BEING DETECTED...



SLIPPING TOWARD THE WINDOW T.B. TOSSES THE KEY OUT INTO THE NIGHT

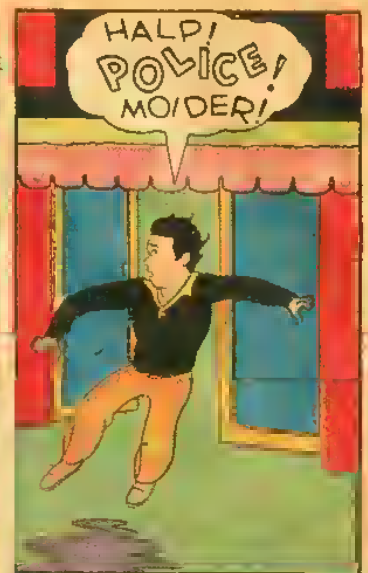








AS BY A MIRACLE, ANGEL LANOS IN THE CANOPY OVER THE HOTEL ENTRANCE



Danny Garrett

The —
BOY
DETECTIVE



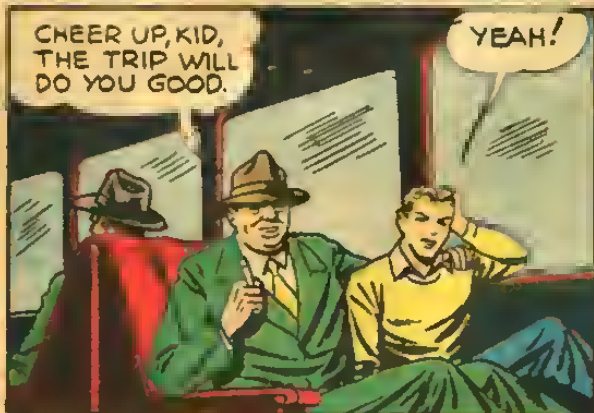
by Jack Binder
and
CARL FORMES

DANNY GARRETT, ONLY BOY DETECTIVE OF THE NEW YORK POLICE FORCE, FINDS THAT MURDER IN THE COUNTRY AND THE CITY ARE MUCH THE SAME.



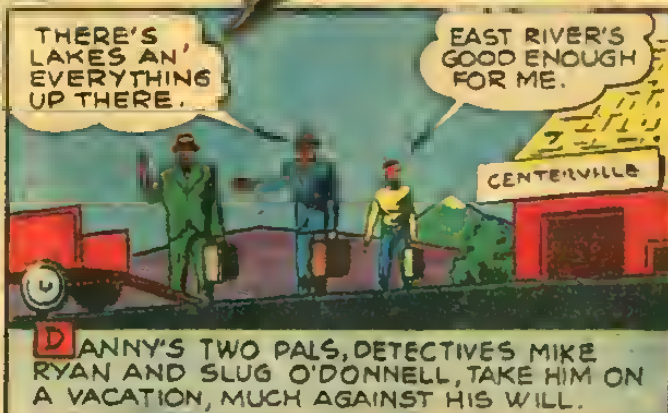
CHEER UP, KID,
THE TRIP WILL
DO YOU GOOD.

YEAH!



THERE'S
LAKES AN'
EVERYTHING
UP THERE.

EAST RIVER'S
GOOD ENOUGH
FOR ME.



DANNY'S TWO PALS, DETECTIVES MIKE RYAN AND SLUG O'DONNELL, TAKE HIM ON A VACATION, MUCH AGAINST HIS WILL.

LATER IN TOWN

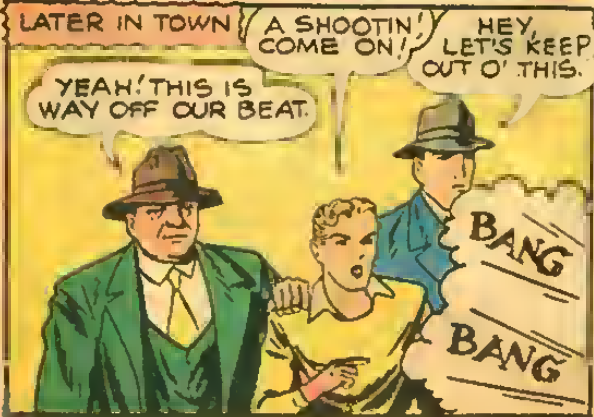
A SHOOTIN'
COME ON!

HEY
LET'S KEEP
OUT O' THIS.

YEAH! THIS IS
WAY OFF OUR BEAT.

BANG

BANG



HELP!
ROBBERS.

MURDER!
HELP!



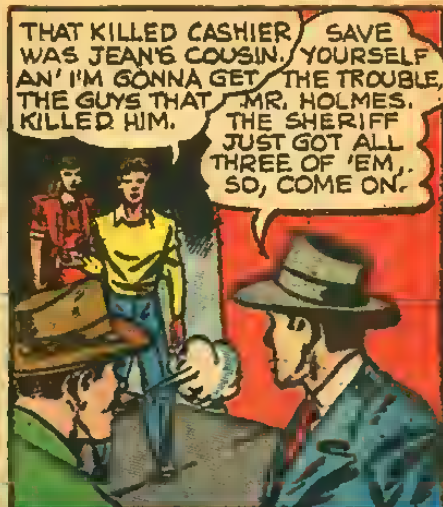




THE POOR FELLOW!
BUT I'LL GET THOSE
KILLERS, IF IT TAKES
ME A MONTH O'
SUNDAYS.



SAY, WHAT DO YOU THINK I AM, A
RED CAP? DANNY, THE
BUS TO CLEAR
LAKE INN IS
WAITIN' FOR US.



THAT KILLED CASHIER. SAVE
WAS JEAN'S COUSIN. YOURSELF
AN' I'M GONNA GET THE TROUBLE,
THE GUYS THAT MR. HOLMES.
THE SHERIFF
JUST GOT ALL
THREE OF 'EM,
SO, COME ON.



HAVE YE NOTICED
SLUG, THAT MR.
GARRETT HAS
SUDDENLY
TAKEN A
LIKING TO THE
COUNTRY?

NOT
REALLY,
MIKE?

AW, GO
SOAK YER
HEADS, YOU TWO.



AS JEAN WALKS HOME
FROM A CHURCH SOCIAL...

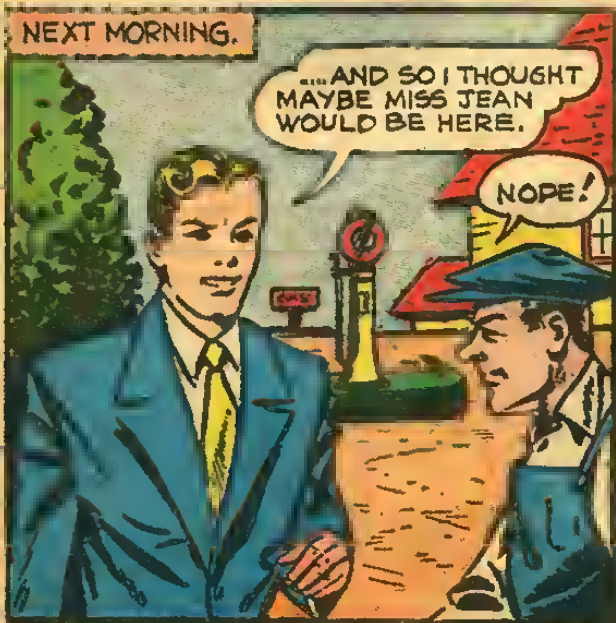
HERE SHE
COMES!

I HOPE DANNY
REMEMBERS TO
COME TO SEE ME
WHILE HE'S
HERE.



...THE SHERIFF'S DAUGHTER IS
WHISKED AWAY BY KIDNAPPERS.

HELP!



NEXT MORNING.

...AND SO I THOUGHT
MAYBE MISS JEAN
WOULD BE HERE.

NOPE!



...SHE AINT, AN' WHAT'S
MORE SHE AINT GONNA
BE NEITHER ... SHE ...

WHAT!

DANNY LEARNS THAT JEAN HAS DISAP-
PEARED, AND THAT HER BROTHER HAS
BEEN SENT AWAY FOR SAFE KEEPING.

MEANWHILE, JEAN'S KIDNAPPERS CALL ON SHERIFF ME KEEL AND PRESENT THEIR DEMANDS.

"...AND SO YOU LET OUR THREE BOYS GO... OR YOU DON'T SEE YOUR GIRL NO MORE... GET ME?"

GET OUT!

AS DANNY WALKS TOWARDS THE SHERIFF'S HOUSE, HE SEES THE TWO GANGSTERS LEAVE.

OH, OH! AS THEY SAY IN SWEDEN THOSE TWO BIRDS DON'T LOOK KOSHER.

I JUST WANTED TO SAY HELLO TO JEAN, MR. ME KEEL.

JEAN HAS GONE AWAY... WON'T BE BACK FOR SOME TIME!

FOUND ANY OF THE OTHER CROOKS CONNECTED WITH LAST NIGHT'S MURDER?

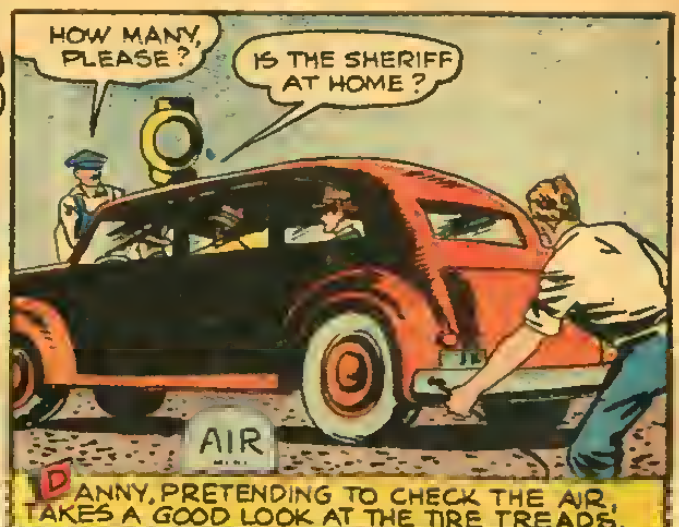
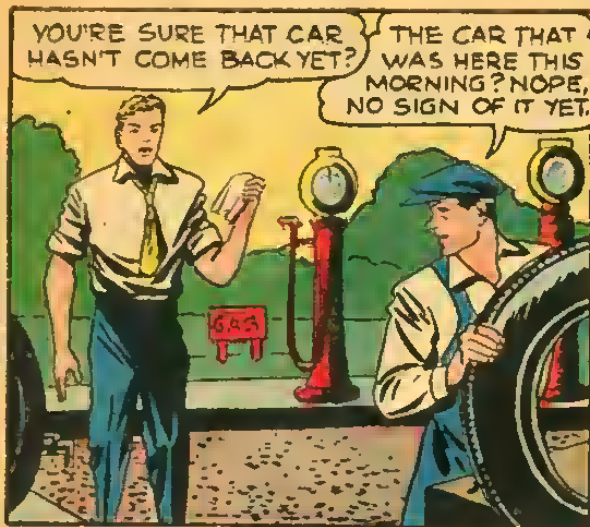
NO, AND I'LL HAVE TO RELEASE THE ONES I GOT, NOT ENOUGH EVIDENCE TO HOLD 'EM.

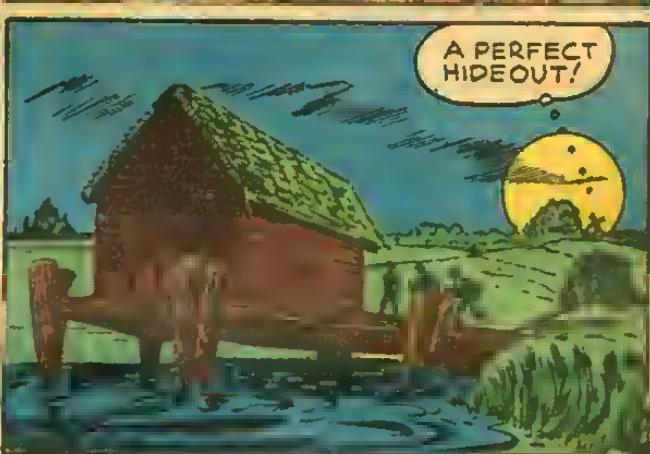
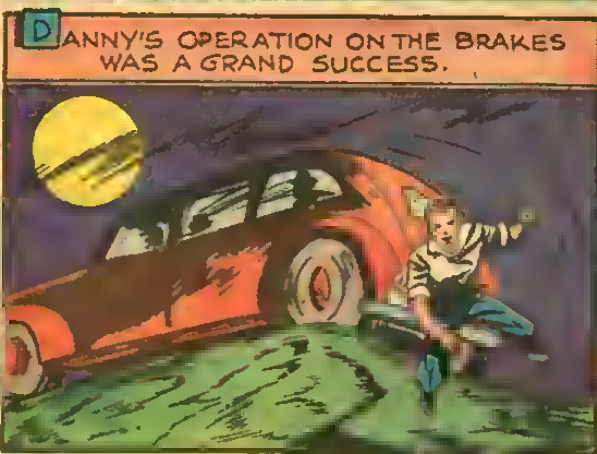
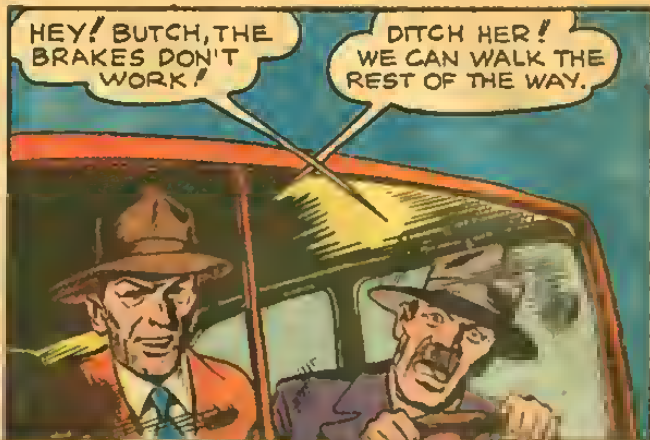
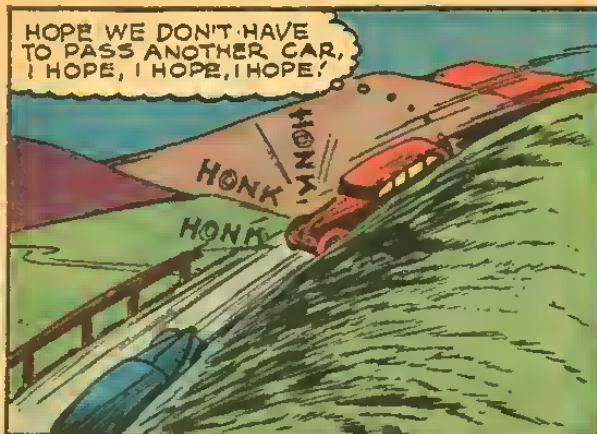
JEAN'S FATHER DIDN'T TELL ME THE TRUTH, HE'S HIDING SOMETHING.... I WONDER.

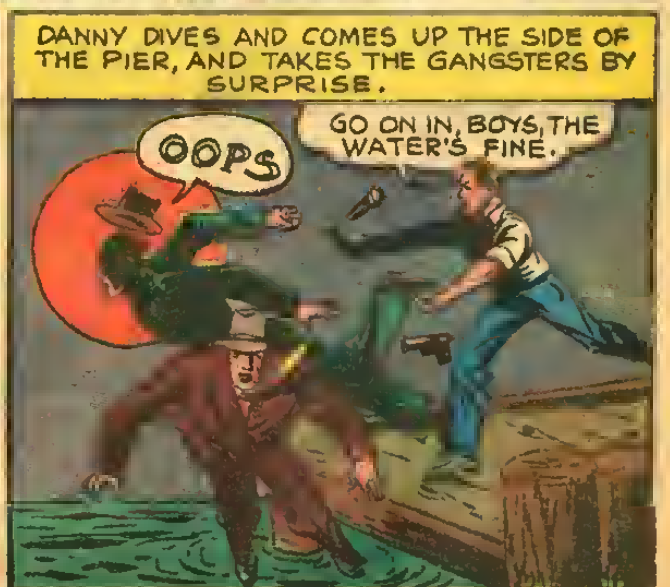
CAR MUST HAVE COME THROUGH HERE WHILE THE MARKING WAS WET.

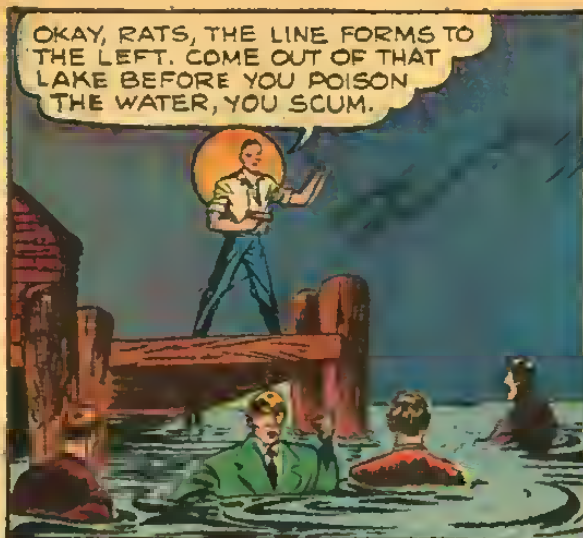
SURE DID! IT WAS THAT BANDIT CAR WITH THEM BANK ROBBERS. MIGHTY NEAR RUN PETE AN' ME OVER.

WELL, THAT ROAD SMEAR TELLS QUITE A STORY...

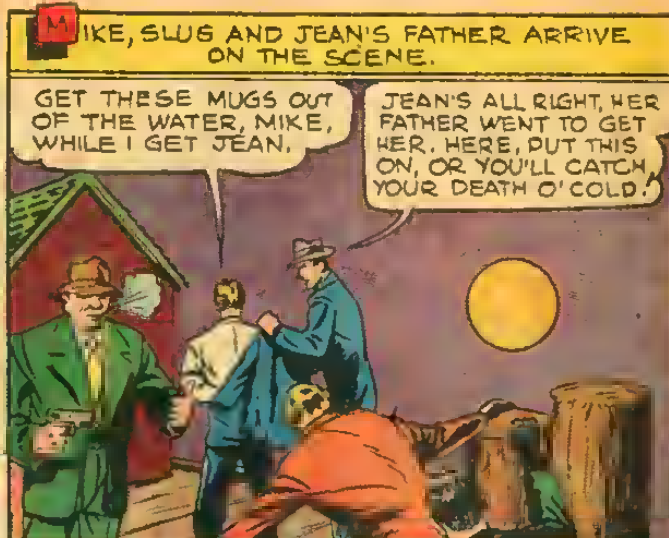








OKAY, RATS, THE LINE FORMS TO THE LEFT. COME OUT OF THAT LAKE BEFORE YOU POISON THE WATER, YOU SCUM.



MIKE, SLUG AND JEAN'S FATHER ARRIVE ON THE SCENE.

GET THESE MUGS OUT OF THE WATER, MIKE, WHILE I GET JEAN.

JEAN'S ALL RIGHT, HER FATHER WENT TO GET HER. HERE, PUT THIS ON, OR YOU'LL CATCH YOUR DEATH O' COLD.



...AND HOW DID YOU TRACE THEIR CAR? THAT WAS EASY. THAT ROAD SMEAR WAS MADE BY FOUR DIFFERENT TIRES. THE GANGSTER CAR HAD FOUR ODD TIRES, THERE YOU ARE.



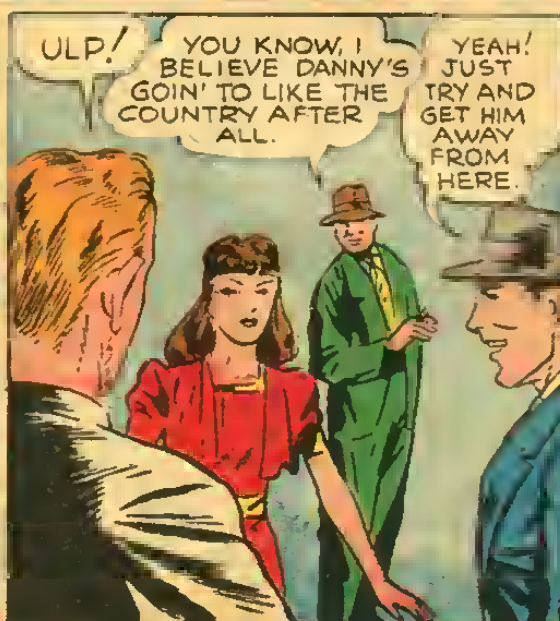
UH, DADDY, I KNEW YOU'D SAVE ME FROM THOSE TERRIBLE MEN. DON'T THANK ME, JEAN. DANNY IS THE ONE THAT SAVED YOU.



OH, DANNY...



...YOU WONDERFUL BOY... OH... ME... GOSH!



ULP! YOU KNOW, I BELIEVE DANNY'S GOIN' TO LIKE THE COUNTRY AFTER ALL. YEAH! JUST TRY AND GET HIM AWAY FROM HERE.

MISS NEXT MONTH'S **SHADOW** COMICS

WHEN DANNY, THE LOVABLE BRILLIANT RESOURCEFUL BOY DETECTIVE WILL THRILL YOU WITH HIS HAIR-RAISING EXPERIENCES AS HE WAGES A SUCCESSFUL WAR AGAINST CRIME.

.....

The HOODED WASP

THE MIGHTY HOODED WASP AND HIS YOUNG PROTEGE, JIM MARTIN, BATTLE THE MYSTERIOUS MEN OF THE MIST TO UNCOVER A SENSATIONAL PLOT.





EEEE HELP!

THE BLOOD-CURDLING
WAIL PENETRATES THE
STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT TO
THE EARS OF SILENT FIGURES..



THE HOODED WASP AND HIS
YOUNG PROTEGE, JIM MARTIN.

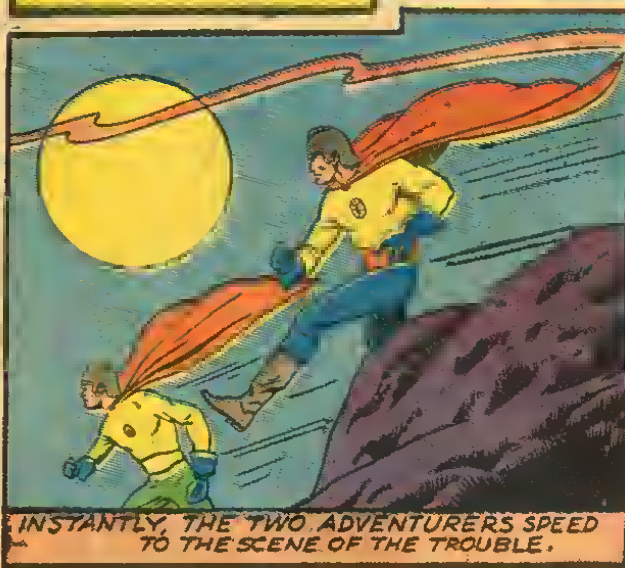
LISTEN!

LOOK!



ANY KIND
OF A FIGHT
IS GOOD
ENOUGH FOR
US, LET'S GO!

A
STREET
FIGHT!



INSTANTLY, THE TWO ADVENTURERS SPEED
TO THE SCENE OF THE TROUBLE.



WWWASPIE....
OVER T-T-THERE!

WHEW!



WE CAN'T LET
THEM GET AWAY
WITH THAT!

RIGHT,
LET'S GO!



THE FEARLESS WASP AND JIM
DIVE INTO THE MELEE....



THERE BOOGEY
MAN... HOW'S
THAT?



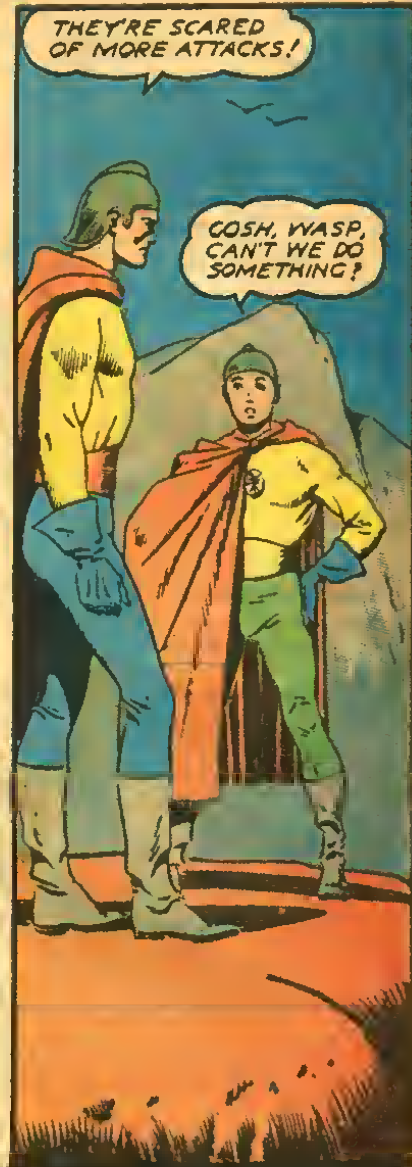


COMING ON THE DOUBLE!

WASP... OVER HERE, QUICK!



BELOW, A STREAM OF AUTOS AND TRUCKS MARKS THE EXODUS OF THE FRIGHTENED VILLAGERS...



THEY'RE SCARED OF MORE ATTACKS!

GOSH, WASP, CAN'T WE DO SOMETHING?



FIRST WE'VE GOT TO KEEP THEM FROM LEAVING. C'MON, KID... WE'LL HAVE A TALK WITH THEM.

RIGHT!



CAN IT BE...?

BY GOLLY, IT IS... THE HOODED WASP AND JIM!

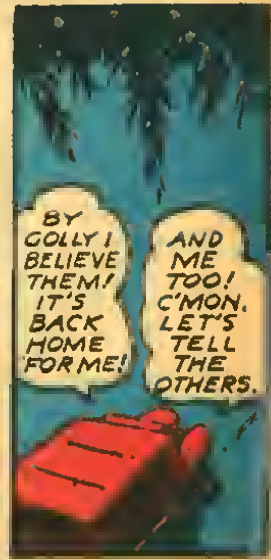
MEANWHILE, INSIDE ONE OF THE TRUCKS...



YEARS BACK, ELYINO WAS A PROSPEROUS MINING TOWN, RICH IN SILVER NITRATE... BUT FOR A LONG TIME IT WAS ABANDONED. US VILLAGERS LIVED THERE CROWING MEAGER CROPS AND EERING OUT SMALL BUT PEACEFUL EXISTENCES. NOW THESE ATTACKS... AND WE HAVE TO LEAVE ALL WE OWN.

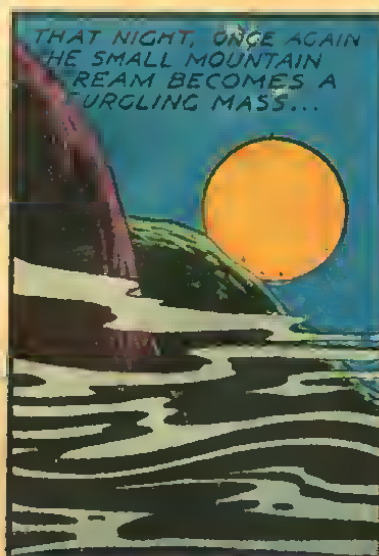
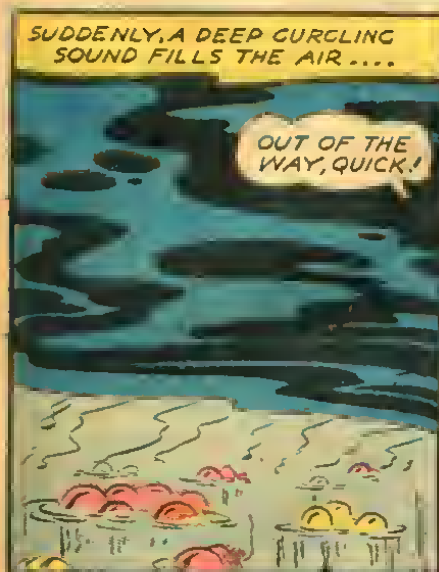
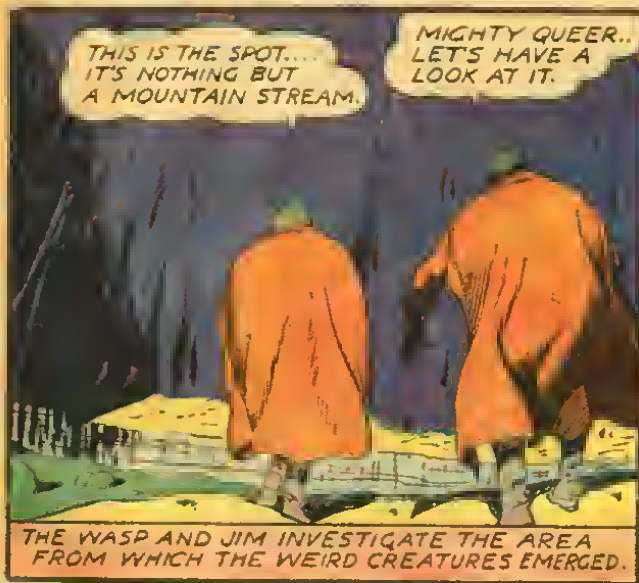


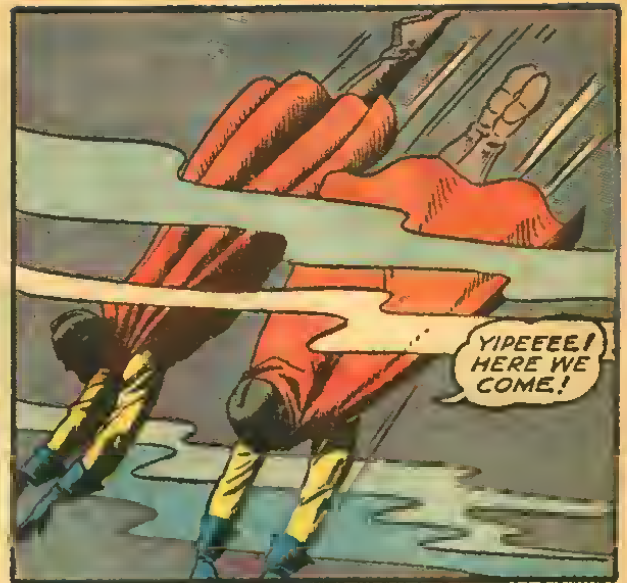
NOBODY HAS THE RIGHT TO DRIVE YOU PEOPLE OFF, AND WE'RE GOING TO SEE TO IT. TELL YOUR PEOPLE TO GO BACK HOME. BECAUSE THE HOODED WASP AND JIM ARE GOING TO CLEAR THIS UP!



BY GOLLY I BELIEVE THEM! IT'S BACK HOME FOR ME!

AND ME TOO! C'MON, LET'S TELL THE OTHERS.







I GET IT... LET'S GO, WASPIE!

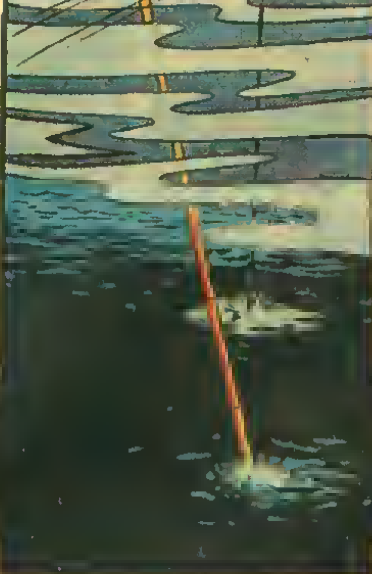


NOT BAD, WASP... WE OUGHT TO TRY FOR THE OLYMPICS NEXT!



THEY'VE GIVEN US THE SLIP!

THEN THERE MUST BE A SECRET PASSAGEWAY SOMEWHERE!



BUT UNSEEN TO THEM A SECRET PANEL IN THE MOUNTAIN OPENS.

GOSH, WHAT CAN WE DO NOW?

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE....



WHA..PFF!

HEY!



WOW! GET A LOAD OF THIS..A HIDE-OUT IN THE MOUNTAIN!

THE WASP AND JIM ARE DRAGGED INSIDE THE CAVE.



HE'S TELLING THEM TO BRING US FORWARD... WONDER WHAT FOR?

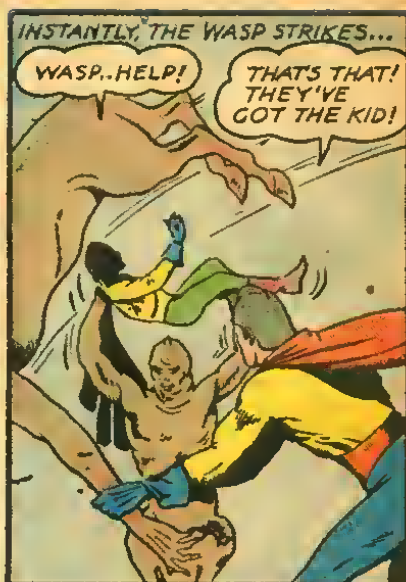


THROUGH AN ARCHWAY, THE PRISONERS ARE DRAGGED TO A SEETHING PIT.



WH...WHAT'S IN THERE?

THE ACID POOL, AND HE WANTS US THROWN IN! C'MON JIM!



INSTANTLY, THE WASP STRIKES...

WASP..HELP!

THAT'S THAT! THEY'VE GOT THE KID!



STEADY, KID... HERE I COME!



HITTING WITH TREMENDOUS FORCE, THE WASP'S TIMELY ACT SENDS JIM'S CAPTOR HURLING INTO THE ACID PIT.....



THANKS, WASP... IT LOOKED BAD THERE FOR A WHILE.

FORGET IT, SQUIRT.... WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO!

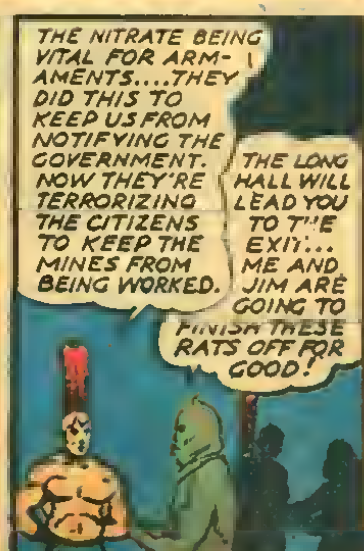
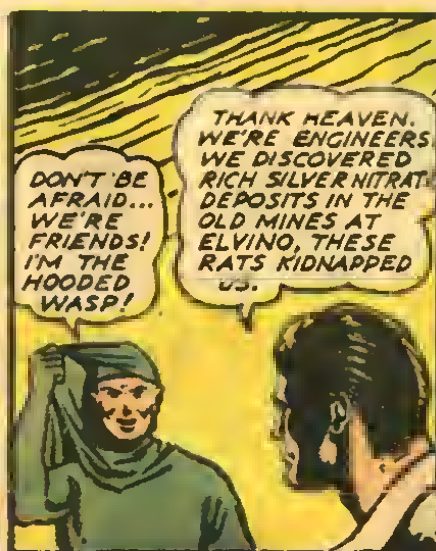


W..WHAT THE?

QUICK, GET BEHIND THE ROCK. THERE'S ONLY TWO OF 'EM LEFT!

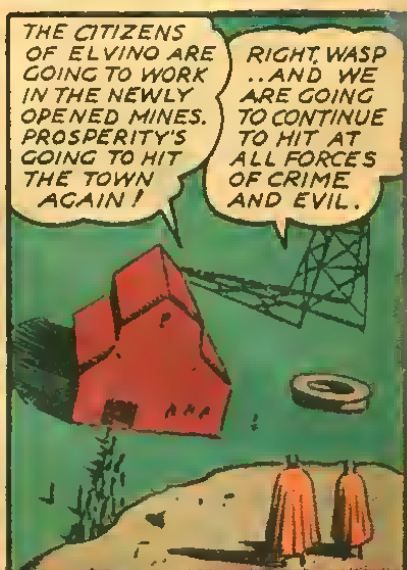


WE'LL NAB THEM AS THEY GO BY! GET READY!









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See Harry Blackstone on the stage and read his adventures in

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ten cents

SPIKE STEVENS

Star Reporter

SPIKE STEVENS - STAR REPORTER FOR THE DAILY PRESS, STUMBLES INTO FRONT PAGE NEWS, AND ROUNDS UP A VICIOUS GANG OF SMUGGLERS.

EXTRA
THE DAILY PRESS
EXTRA
GEM SMUGGLING SUSPECTED
REPORTER LEARNS OF GANG ACTIVITY BY SPIKE STEVENS



A SEARCH FOR NEWS BRINGS SPIKE STEVENS TO THE WATER FRONT.

A MUFFLED ENGINE - IT'S PULLING ALONG - SIDE THE YACHT. THERE MAY BE A STORY AROUND HERE, SOMEWHERE.



THE NEWS HANK FOLLOWS THE SCENT.



THEY'RE MOVING AROUND TOO QUIETLY TO BE UP TO ANY GOOD.

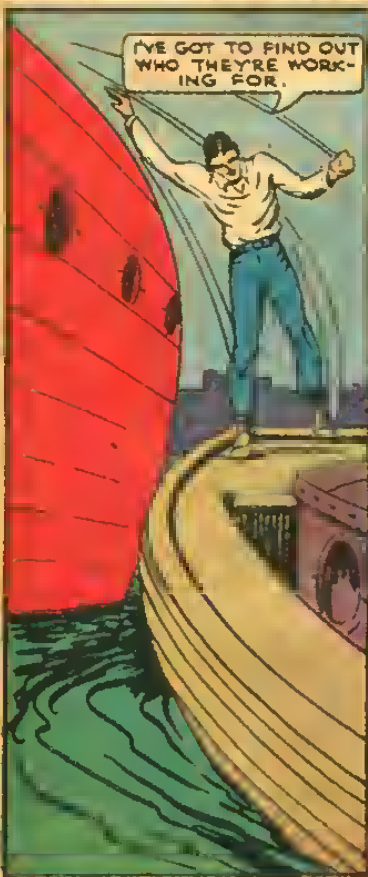


HURRY WITH THE STUFF - PATROL BOAT SOON PASS

CHINESE - GEM SMUGGLERS - WOW, THIS IS GREAT!



I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHO THEY'RE WORKING FOR.



SPIKE IS DISCOVERED BY THE SMUGGLERS

STRANGER - HELP! QUICK, MEN!

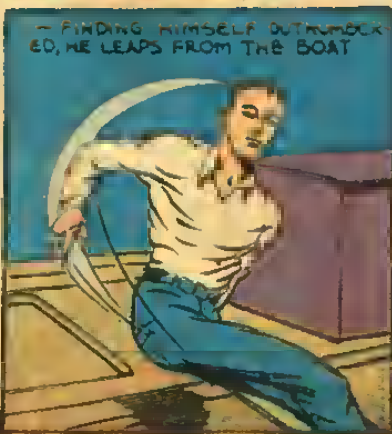


THERE ARE TOO MANY FOR ME TO HANDLE.



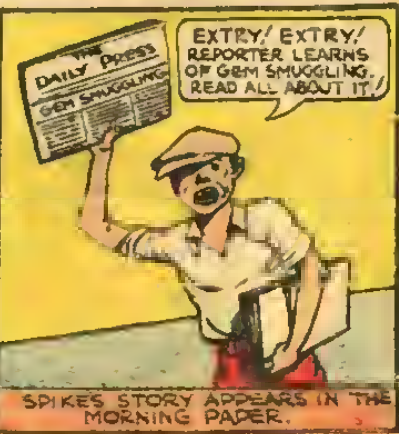
THE REPORTER FIGHTS GAMELY -

- FINDING HIMSELF OUTRICKED, HE LEAPS FROM THE BOAT

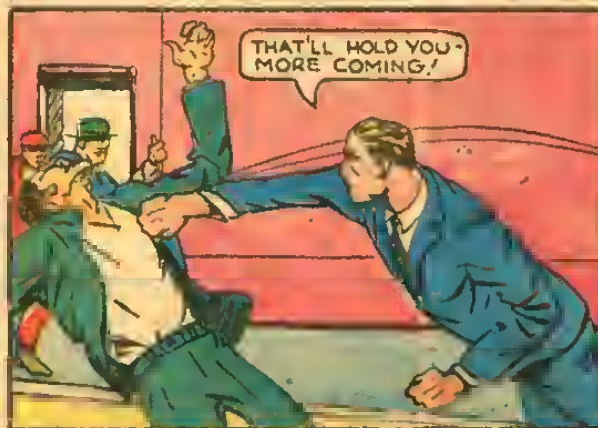
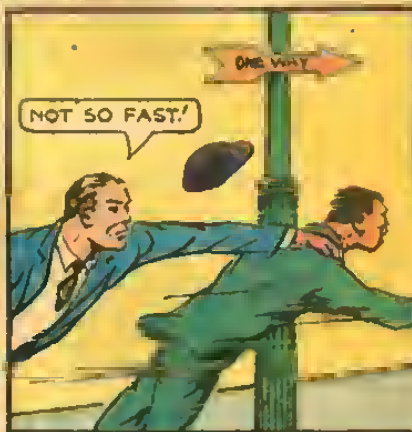
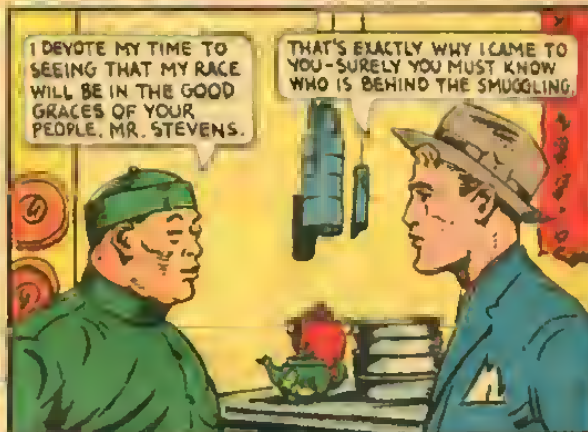
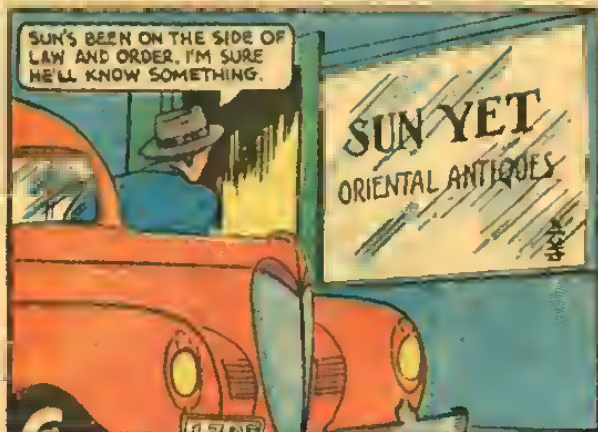
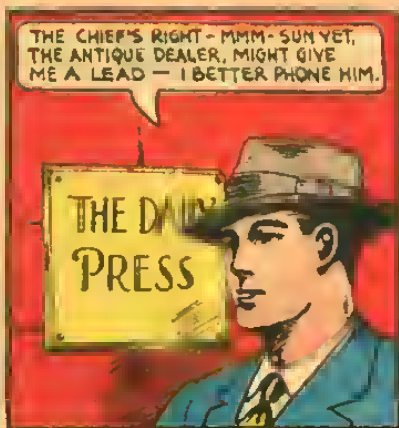


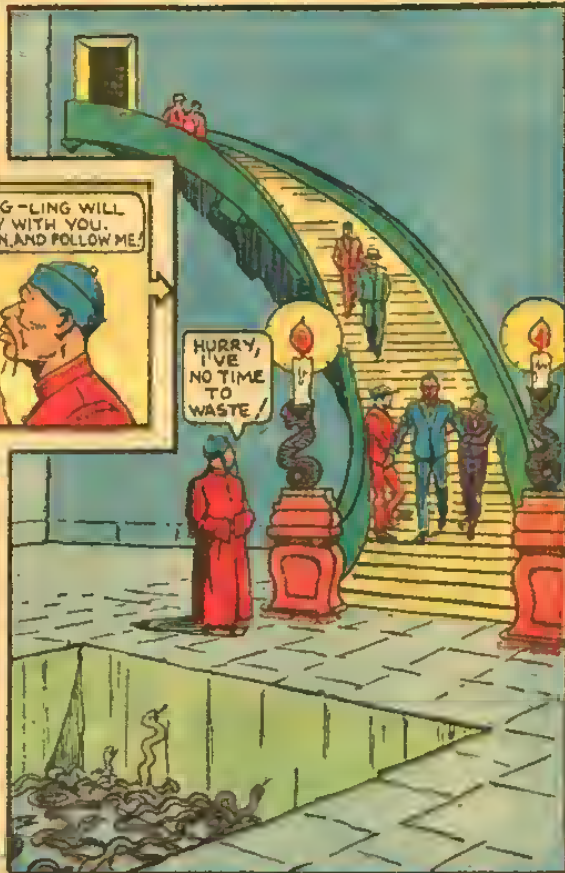
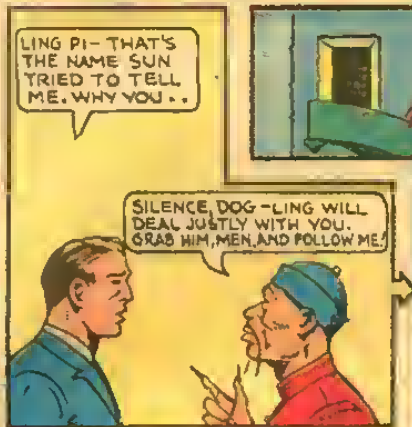
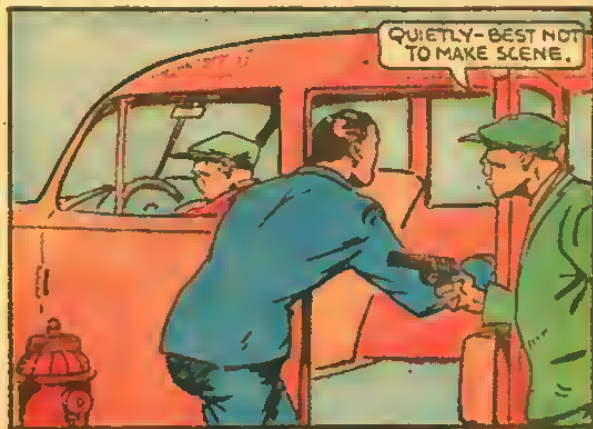
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EXTRA
GEM SMUGGLING

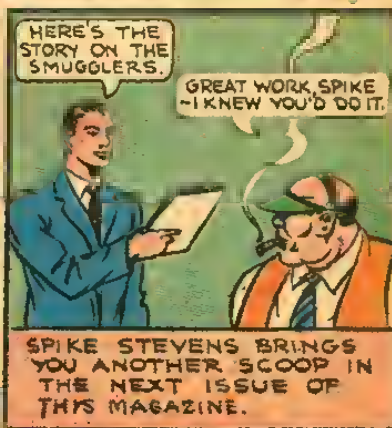
EXTRY! EXTRY! REPORTER LEARNS OF GEM SMUGGLING. READ ALL ABOUT IT!



SPIKE'S STORY APPEARS IN THE MORNING PAPER.







NO RETURN TRIP



THE trail of Careless Collins had slowly narrowed down to this East Side district. It was the kind of neighborhood that should be repulsive to neat Careless Collins. That's why other ticks had been thrown off the trail; none had figured that dapper Collins would live here.

But the landlady had furnished the final clue when she had mentioned this suspicious person who had gone out in a cabbie's uniform.

"Land sakes!" she had exclaimed over the phone. "There ain't nothing wrong with cab drivers, poor fellows! But this man has been wearing hundred-dollar suits (until now). And if you ask me—"

With the report coming a few moments later about the cab driver who had just killed Lucky Samuels, Joe Cole knew he had his man. He figured he had him because Collins would rush back to his room to change his clothes, and scamper for a new hiding place.

He found the landlady working in the rear yard, learned the location of the suspect's room and went quietly up the stairs. He had told her it would be better if she stayed right down there in the yard. The room was at the rear of the third floor.

Outside the door, the dick listened a moment. Somewhere in the rooming house, an alarm clock was ticking noisily. He tried the knob, found the door unlocked and pushed inside.

The curtain at the rear window was drawn and for a moment, Joe Cole could not see a thing. Then, slowly, the outlines of a dresser, bed, two chairs and a portable wardrobe took shape. The form of a tall man standing against the rear wall, near the drawn shade, took shape last.

Evenly, the man said. "This gun is lined right on your head, copper! You don't have to take my word for it!"

There was something very deadly about Collins' smoothly spoken words. Joe Cole stood still. His own gun was in his hip pocket. He had been too certain that he would arrive here before Collins. He said:

"Too bad about Lucky Samuels. I hear he won't testify today."

Cole was tense, getting the layout of the room

a little more clearly now. But he still wasn't sure whether or not there were any obstacles between him and the gunman. He needed another moment before attempting a break for Collins.

Collins acted first. With his left hand, he reached along the wall, raised the shade without taking his sharp eyes off the detective. The gun in his right fist never wavered.

Sunlight hit Joe Cole's eyes and made him blink for a moment. Then he saw the cab driver's uniform thrown on the bed, saw that Collins had already changed to a blue suit and dark fedora hat. Careless Collins had been preparing for a fade out.

For many long months, Joe Cole had trailed this killer. To lose him now meant that the search would start all over again. So he said very calmly, very stiffly, now:

"I'm taking you with me, Careless. Go ahead, shoot! You won't get away! They'll hear the shots. Sure, you'll hit me! But before I go out I'll get you!"

Cole started slowly forward, his right hand moving carefully toward his hip.

Oddly, well-dressed Collins did not pull trigger. As though fascinated, he stood there backed against the wall and sort of smiled as Joe Cole came forward, step by step. The gun was steady in his hand, yet he made no attempt to fire it.

Joe Cole figured that the moment he touched his own .38, this killer would let loose with smashing lead. He took another step—

Hell cut loose on his right. Something burned into his shoulder, seemed to streak across his back and kick him almost off his feet. He staggered, tried to regain his balance, and felt the terrific *thunk* of Collins' gun barrel as the man raked the revolver downward on his skull.

The dick went down then, still conscious, but unable to move. Collins grinned and said, "Just a little trap for visitors who might take me unawares, Cole! There's a gun rigged inside that wardrobe. The string that trips the gun hammer stretches from the foot of this bed across to the dresser. You pulled it with your foot. Cute, eh?"

As he had fallen, after Collins had used the

raking gun barrel, Cole had felt the killer jerk his, Cole's, .38 from his hip pocket. Cole lay there on the floor, blood streaming across his face and his shoulders paralyzed. He couldn't move his arms.

He saw Careless Collins scoop up some things from the dresser and yank open bureau drawers, to make certain that no single item had been forgotten.

There was a commotion going on out in front of the house. The landlady was yelling for the cops. Careless Collins stepped swiftly to the bed, slammed shut and locked the suitcase, grinned again at helpless Joe Cole.

"So long, copper!" he said tauntingly. "I'm letting you live so you can tell them what a smart guy I am! And to have a big laugh when they stick you out in Flatbush pounding a heat!"

He raised the window shade farther, and through a haze the detective saw the open window. No wonder Collins had been ready to trap him! With the window open, the clever crook must have overheard every word he had said to the landlady down in the rear yard!

Careless Collins stepped out onto the fire escape and disappeared.

It was Thursday before they let Joe Cole walk out of the hospital.

At midnight, Cole's still lame back was aching from looking under the bed, crawling around on his hands and knees, in that deserted room in search of some single item that might put him on the killer's trail.

He even went through the empty bureau drawers again. So fussy was Careless Collins that he had even lined the drawers with clean brown paper. Cole removed the wrapping paper and searched each corner beneath. There was nothing. Then—

Then he found a thin strip of colored cardboard, not longer than two inches, and half again as wide. There was a punch mark on the strip, and Joe Cole stared at the name: "Clinton Center." There was something familiar about the name of the hick town, and yet—

The ticket had been in a crack at the back of the drawer; had apparently slipped beneath the clean lining paper and been overlooked by the meticulous Careless Collins.

The detective caught the bus to the winter resort early the next morning. Clinton Center was nestled in the mountains, and was only heard of during two or three months each year, when ski meets took place nearby. It was here that the district attorney came up for skiing in the winter.

It was already dusk when Cole followed the old road back from the dusty, deserted highway. A half hour later, he came to the big house on the hill.

Cole was not surprised to see a shiny sedan parked out front. He had followed the tracks of the car up here from the seldom-used highway.

The rambling house was in darkness. Cole started to circle it in the gloom, then saw a single light at the kitchen window. Someone was talking inside, in a taunting tone, and seemed to be deriding someone.

Cole went into the kitchen, with the gun in his fist steady, and his gray eyes cool as ice.

Careless Collins' neatly dressed figure had been turned away from him as Cole entered the room. He was leaning toward a middle-aged, heavy-set man tied in a kitchen chair. There was a gun held limply in Collins' right hand, and he was saying:

"So I leave tonight, smart guy! And before I go, I give you the works!"

Careless heard the movement behind him, whirled, got one short glimpse of the dick and let blast with his gat.

The slug caught Cole high in the shoulder, but not before he had fired a single shot.

Collins staggered, cursed with pain. The detective rolled his moaning figure to the floor, and then untied the bound man. He said swiftly, "Where's Marty Evans, Ben?"

Ben was a special investigator connected with the district attorney's office.

"You're just about an hour too late," he said. "This devil"—he touched Careless Collins' limp form with the toe of his shoe—"surprised me here awhile ago and rubbed out his squealer after he knocked me cold! I came to, tied up in this chair. Careless was waiting until night, and was going to take that sedan and scam.

"Somehow, he found out that the D. A. was holding Marty Evans here until Saturday. We were going to rush him to the trial at the last moment, and—"

The man stopped, gave Joe Cole a quizzical look. "But how did you find out? We kept it hushed up."

The wounded killer on the floor stirred, twisted over on his back. He whined, "Help me! I'm dying!"

Joe Cole's eyes were hard. He said, "You aren't going to die—yet! You're going to live to die, mister!" Then he added: "In the chair!"

Cole said then. "This is once when Careless was just a little too careful. He bought a round-trip ticket to Clinton Center, and carefully laid it away in a dresser drawer."

Briefly, Cole told of the fight in the rooming house. He continued:

"So when he made his escape, in his hurry he only got half of that ticket. He forgot the return stub. And I remembered that Clinton Center was only a mile or so from this winter place of the D. A.'s. The rest was simple. You fellows were hiding your witness here, and that's where Careless came to get him!"

The killer, his face a twisted snarl, stared up at Joe Cole. The detective finished: "So, punk, you won't need that return-trip ticket after all. Where you're going, there is no return trip!"

THE END.

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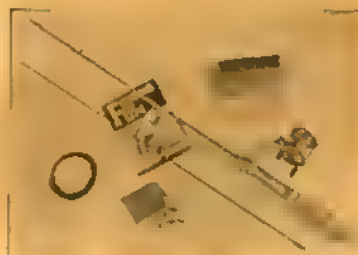
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